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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ENGLAND'S UNEMPLOYMENT CRISIS

It seems to be generally agreed by the British press that the plan of doling out weekly allowances to the unemployed has reached the end of its tether. The burden upon local taxes has become unbearable, especially in the poorer boroughs. On the other hand, the proposals made by the Cabinet committee for giving national aid to the local authorities have been greeted with no marked enthusiasm from any quarter.

Stated briefly, the Cabinet proposal is that the local authorities, instead of giving 'doles' to the unemployed, shall proceed with various public works, particularly the building of roads and municipal tenements. The national government agrees to assist them by bearing part of the cost, or, to be more exact, by helping the boroughs to float loans, and becoming responsible for part of the interest burden. The difficulty with this plan is that it will provide no employment for many of those most in need of it. Attention is called to the fact that among the unemployed are large numbers of clerks, and other indoor workers, whose services cannot be used in enterprises of construction. The Manchester *Guardian* asserts that setting thousands of unemployed to work at tasks far removed from their normal occupation would constitute 'the most extravagant, demoralizing, and ineffective of all known methods of relief.'

Meanwhile the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade-Union Congress and the Executive Committee of the Labor Party have issued a joint manifesto upon the subject, in which, after severely condemning the Cabinet proposals, they make various suggestions of their own. In general, they urge that, as a method of increasing production, the national government should anticipate its future needs by issuing orders for supplies and equipment of every sort. They also suggest that 'it might be found advisable to establish a working week of, say, forty hours.' The further proposal is made that the government should itself purchase raw materials and export 'textile goods and agricultural machinery' on credit to various continental countries. Finally, the joint manifesto counsels the government to be more generous in making grants-in-aid to the local authorities. The general purport of the Labor proposals is to transfer the chief burden from the local to the national tax-rate.

Commenting editorially upon these various proposals, the London *Times* agrees that it is much better, from the

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standpoint of the nation's morale, to set the unemployed at work than to pay them allowances; but calls attention to the likelihood that the policy of 'making work' will prove to be more costly in the long run. In the case of allowances, the total public expenditure can be reckoned with a fair degree of definiteness; but when a government launches into the policy of direct production, there is no telling what the ultimate deficit may be.

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BRITAIN AND THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

THE London *Spectator* believes that President Harding, in constituting the American delegation for the Washington Conference, has made admirable selections. It particularly commends his action in giving representation to the senatorial minority, and expresses the opinion that 'if Mr. Wilson had acted in this way in making his arrangements for the Paris Conference, he probably would have avoided all opposition.'

After pointing out the specific qualifications of the four American representatives, the *Spectator* urges that England accept President Harding's action as a challenge to send men of equal standing.

> The names of the distinguished Americans who have been asked to serve on the Conference make an imposing and reassuring list — Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State, who is one of the most able and upright men in American politics, and who more than once was regarded as a possible President; Mr. Root, the greatest jurist in America; Mr. Lodge, one of the greatest authorities on foreign affairs in the Senate; and Mr. Underwood, the well-known leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate.
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> We desire to express our opinion very plainly that the choice of perhaps the most able group of men that America could put forward for the Conference is in itself both an absolute earnest of good faith and a challenge to us to act similarly. We ought to send of our very best. We ought to prove, what after all is the simple fact, that nothing in the whole domain of international affairs is for us comparable in importance with this question of disarmament. We should be bitterly disappointed — we shall have to begin to take a gloomy view of the future which at present we refuse to do — if the Washington Conference ended in a failure. But we can almost make sure of its success if only we set to work to organize victory for a great cause.

The *Saturday Review* is equally well disposed. It regards President Harding's nominations as 'excellent,' and proceeds to make the following comments on the capabilities and public experience of each American delegate:

> Mr. Hughes, in his six months as Foreign Minister, has been quite remarkably successful so far in straightening out the bewildering muddle in which American relationships with the rest of the world were left by the Wilson administration. He has not been logical, but he has got results; and if nobody can explain why American representatives are sitting to-day on international bodies created by a Treaty which their Government repudiates, or why American troops are on the Rhine to enforce other provisions of that Treaty, we are all none the less delighted that they should be there. With Mr. Hughes is Mr. Lodge, the chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, a champion hitherto of American aloofness, but a life-long politician who can divine as soon as any man how public opinion is shaping, and what he had better do about it. Mr. Root is a statesman universally respected, and possesses far more than Mr. Hughes's experience of world-affairs. Mr. Underwood is the leader of the Democratic opposition in the Senate, and his nomination means the avoidance of one of Mr. Wilson's capital errors — his refusal of any share in the peace-making to his political opponents.

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GERMANY'S ACTUAL WAR LOSSES

AMONG the various warring countries Germany was the first to undertake a

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post-bellum census. Within a year from the conclusion of the Armistice an enumeration was carried out, and the detailed figures have now been issued by the *Statistisches Reichsamt* These figures are particularly interesting in that they afford the first opportunity to study, with accurate data as a basis, the actual effects of the war upon population and its distribution.

The German census of October, 1919, leaves out Alsace-Lorraine, the Ruhr district, and the territories toward the east which no longer form part of the German commonwealth. For this reason a comparison of totals with those of the 1910 census is somewhat difficult. In general, however, the census shows that the entire German population on October 8, 1919, was sixty millions in round numbers, or about four millions less than it was in 1910.

The most interesting aspect of the figures is the enormous excess of females over males in the present German population, an excess which now amounts to nearly three millions. The statistics also demonstrate that persons of advanced age are proportionately more numerous, while the younger element is relatively less strong than it was ten years ago. The vitality of the nation as a whole has been seriously impaired, and the nominal distribution of the population, as regards both sex and age, has been badly displaced.

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IS ENGLAND SWINGING TO PROTECTION?

SOME of the old-line English Liberals are beginning to show perturbation over the inroads which have been made upon the policy of free trade by the Coalition Government. In the *Review of Reviews* Major Harry Barnes, M.P., predicts that, if the Coalition continues long enough in power, it will lay before Parliament a full-blown protective-tariff measure.

Five years ago the so-called 'McKenna' duties were imposed by authority of Parliament, in order to save cargo-space and to stabilize exchange. Levies were laid upon motor-cars, musical instruments, and other non-essentials. Later came the 'Safeguarding of Industries Act,' which, under color of defending certain industries that had grown up during the war, permitted the imposition of heavy duties upon chemicals.

This legislation has given the British people a considerable taste of protection, more than they have had since the repeal of the Corn Laws; yet it has aroused very little public opposition. Such popular complacency is disquieting to the orthodox, who feel that whatever justification there may be for the temporary safeguarding of the new industries, the whole movement is one which, if it gains momentum, will seriously threaten the citadel of free trade. The Safeguarding of Industries Act, as its title clearly implies, is protective both in character and in method. Whether the coalitionists will follow up this measure by introducing a broader range of protective duties is something to which they have thus far given no clue.

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FRIENDLY WORDS FOR GREECE

A Swiss military correspondent with the Greek troops on the Angora front, commends highly their morale, but reports evidences of demoralization in the Turkish army. On an average, one hundred and fifty deserters surrender to Constantine's advance-posts every day, and the number who slip through the lines and return privately to their homes in the territories now occupied by the Greeks is conjectured to be equally large. An obliging Greek officer suggested that the correspondent might

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like to talk with the common soldiers, and volunteered to serve as interpreter, whereupon the following dialogue occurred: —

'Ask them,' I said, 'what they think of the Kemalists.'

A soldier, after a moment's embarrassed hesitation, said: 'They get away too quickly.'

Greece's military effort is not confined to the Anatolia campaign. It maintains four divisions, numbering nearly 100,000 men, in Thrace. Referring to these troops, a Sofia correspondent of the London *Times* says that 'if appearances count for anything, the Greek army has to-day attained a very high degree of efficiency.'

During the fifteen months since they took over the country officially, the Greeks have repaired many roads, constructed many thousands of houses for the peasants, and distributed livestock to those who needed it. Most of the Bulgarians have left the country, and the relations between the two nationalities are very bad. The Greeks are trying to conciliate the Turks, but hitherto the latter have not received these overtures cordially.

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DR. NANSEN'S ACTIVITIES

ACCORDING to the Geneva correspondents, Dr. Nansen was the busiest delegate at the second Assembly of the League of Nations. He was constantly receiving telegrams and communications from all parts of the world, and made himself the centre of every discussion connected with the subject of Russian famine relief. Throughout the sessions, Dr. Nansen persistently urged that some provision be made by the Assembly for sending food in large quantities to the Volga regions, but apparently he made no profound impression upon his fellow delegates, and moved them to no overt action.

Dr. Nansen's plans for handling Russian relief differ in marked fashion from those of Mr. Hoover. It is the declared purpose of the Hoover organization to feed only children and invalids. Even in such cases, the aim is to supplement the government ration. The Nansen programme contemplates relief on a much wider scale. It would include able-bodied adults as well.

The English misgivings with respect to Dr. Nansen's proposals arise, in part at least, from the nature of his agreement with the Soviet authorities, an arrangement which differs entirely from that concluded by Mr. Hoover's organization. The American agreement provides that special local organizations shall be created for the purpose of distributing relief. These organizations will be under the supervision of the American relief authorities. Nansen's plan contemplates the formation in Moscow of an 'International Russian Relief Executive' in which the Soviet authorities would have representation. Supervision over the local bodies would be exercised by this central executive.

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AMERICAN FACTORIES IN CANADA

THE industrial invasion of Canada from this side of the border is causing some disquiet in English financial circles. The Toronto correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* has estimated that more than seven hundred Canadian branches of American industries have been established during the past ten years, and that several hundred other American factories are seeking Canadian locations at the present moment.

While this represents but a small fraction in the totality of Canadian industries, the reason usually given for

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this migration to Canada is significant. Most of the factories are using their Canadian locations as a means of more profitably filling export orders to Great Britain. Such orders, when received by the parent company in the United States, are transmitted to the Canadian branch. Because of the present exchange rates, and the low cost of ocean transportation, it is said that certain forms of export business can be very profitably handled in this way.

There is also a feeling in some industrial circles that before long a preferential arrangement within the British Empire may be established, and that this will give Canadian branches a marked advantage over factories in the United States so far as the British market is concerned. If this should develop, the American branch factories will be on the spot.

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ARE THE FAMINE STATISTICS RELIABLE?

THERE is a general opinion in governmental circles that the famine statistics issued by the Russian authorities are not to be confidently relied upon. This does not arise from any desire, on the part of the Soviet government, to exaggerate or to minimize the disaster; it is merely that the Russian government has become so disorganized as to render the compilation of accurate statistics almost impossible. Even in the city of Moscow itself, according to the British newspaper representatives who have studied the matter on the ground, the number of cholera cases and deaths is determined by rough estimates, not by actual record.

The Russian government has been very liberal with statistics relating to famine and distress, and even the Communist papers, notably the *Pravda*, have printed vivid descriptions of the suffering. Nevertheless, there appears to be a widespread belief in London, Paris, and Berlin, that the Russian government is deliberately making the famine appear less terrible than it really is.

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NO WAR OF REVENGE

GENERAL LUDENDORFF, in a recent interview at Munich, gave some specific reasons why a war of revenge on the part of Germany is entirely out of the question for many years to come. To those who have suggested that the methods used by Prussia against Napoleon might be repeated, Ludendorff replies that preparations for war on a modern scale cannot be made in that way. Without the opportunity to articulate the military system with German industry, no powerful army could be created, or if created, could be maintained in the field.

'It is an absurd imagination,' declares the former Quartermaster-General, 'to think that a German army fit for modern war can be secretly organized and set on foot. A German army that could strive with the slightest chance of success against an enemy with modern military equipment would have to be based on a great German war industry such as could never be created afresh in secret. Even if a third power should be ready to arm Germany, it would never be possible for a German army, so supplied, to be equipped quickly enough and to be mobilized in time to prevent the French army gaining an immediate and decisive success.'

Ludendorff gave no intimation, in the course of his interview, that he would view preparations for a war of revenge with any disfavor, if he thought a war of revenge possible; his whole argument relates to the actual hopelessness of any such project in the near future.

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AN ALLEGED REPARATIONS AGREEMENT

In *Le Matin* of September 20, M. Stephane Lauzanne published the text of an alleged agreement which is said to have been concluded in the closing days of 1919, when M. Clemenceau went to London and engaged in mysterious negotiations with Mr. Lloyd George on the question of reparations.

According to the published text, the British and French governments agreed that payments by Germany were to be earmarked, first for the expense of maintaining the armies of occupation, next for the cost of raw materials supplied to Germany under the terms of the Treaty, and then for the Belgian priorities. After these allocations had been covered, all payments made by Germany coming under the head of reparations were to be divided between France and Great Britain in the ratio of 11 to 5. M. Lauzanne criticizes each of the articles in this alleged agreement, and endeavors to show that France got the short end of the entire bargain.

MINOR NOTES

About the middle of September, von Kahr, the Premier of Bavaria, and Roth, the Minister of Justice, resigned. The resignation of the latter, who was a member of the German Nationalist party, had been expected after Kahr was overthrown by his own party, which is in control of Parliament. The German press interprets this action as due to the dissatisfaction of the rank and file of Bavarian voters with the truculent hostility to Berlin exhibited by the late Premier, who refused outright to abolish martial law at the latter's bidding. However, later reports suggest that von Kahr still has a strong following, and may speedily return to power.

The parties of the Left in Spain, including the Republicans and the various Socialist groups, have consistently opposed the Morocco campaign. *El Socialista* prints dispatches from all parts of the Kingdom, containing resolutions by labor-unions and Socialist organizations, protesting against the war in Morocco. How large a section of the population these groups represent is problematical; but the existence of an active movement in opposition to the war should be noted. The Spanish disasters in Morocco are likely to strengthen, and perhaps to unify, the radical opposition in that country.

On August 28, Alexander Wekerle, Hungary's most distinguished war Premier, died in Budapest, at the age of seventy-three. He entered cabinet life as Minister of Public Finance in 1889, and became Premier, for the first of the four times he held that honor, in 1892. He carried through important financial and political reforms against the opposition of the old nobility and the Clericals. He was a Protestant, and was classed as a Liberal. In spite of his age many believed that he was the leader destined eventually to restore the government to a constitutional basis.

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DISARMAMENT BY LAND AND SEA

BY ÉTIENNE FOURNOL

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, August* 20, *September* 17
(French Liberal Foreign-Affairs Weekly)

What the American government is actually seeking is nothing less than the disarmament of all humanity. Let us follow it toward these airy heights and abandon for a moment our vulgar cares of every-day politics.

If the President of the Washington Conference should conceive the idea, for the sake of clearness in the debates, of proposing first of all a definition of disarmament or — what comes to almost the same thing — an attempt to determine which peoples of the world are already disarmed and which are still armed, he would immediately produce the gravest disagreement in the assembly; for it would instantly appear that the Anglo-Saxons have a conviction as hard as steel that they themselves are already disarmed, while the peoples of the Continent, and especially France, are armed to the teeth. Or, more exactly, the non-European peoples, to whom we must add insular England and from whom we must subtract Japan, are convinced that the Continent of Europe is the only region in the world under a régime of armaments.

When we are discussing armament or disarmament, this amounts to admitting that armaments by land are a dangerous abuse, that they are enough in themselves to stir up an imperialistic spirit in the people who suffer from them; whereas one may have a formidable fleet and still retain the pacific spirit suitable to a people who have no arms. Think a moment, I beg you. This is the ordinary notion of contemporary political science which everybody accepts, or at least submits to, pretty nearly without criticism everywhere. The origin of this false, or at least exaggerated, idea is that people confound the principle of the armed nation with its sign, which is conscription. People think that the distinction is in the military obligation. Is every citizen a soldier, or ought he to be in barracks? If so, you have a military people. On the other hand, a people is disarmed where the citizen baulks at the military obligation.

One may remark at once that, even among the people of the Continent, — almost all of whom had conscription before the war, — the extent of military obligation is highly variable. For demographic and financial reasons, the obligation was almost absolute in France before the war, not quite so absolute in Germany, still less absolute in Italy and in Russia; but let us postpone these economic considerations, which we shall take up later on.

During the war of 1914, all the great nations armed themselves hastily. They decreed conscription. The whole British Empire did it, except Ireland and Cape Colony, and this in spite of the difficulty that the French Canadians stirred up in Canada. During the course of hostilities, it was asked whether this régime would continue to exist after the peace. We have heard, especially in the French press, many prophecies that the English would never give up conscription after they once tried it. Nothing more chimerical. After the peace England and America laid aside their arms

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readily. For one year, exactly the year of the negotiations, anxiety about the prompt demobilization of Britain disturbed the spirit of Mr. Lloyd George. It weighed heavily on the general political situation of the Allies. The hostile nations, from military necessity, returned immediately to their traditions.

Now, if one consults experience and history, there is no constant relation between the habitual armament of a people and its propensity for war, or its liking for war. Switzerland, which puts into force the obligation of military service strictly enough, has not participated in any wars during her existence as a state. In 1815 she merely granted passage and was recompensed for it. On the other hand, there has not been a great European war for three centuries in which England has not taken part, in spite of the feebleness of her strictly military forces.

Even the history of England since the eighteenth century is nothing but this tradition, pursued with clever faithfulness, of continual intervention in Continental affairs, then considered as being almost the affairs of the universe, without the assistance of a great national army, and usually with other nations' armies — a system, it is true, which was not very different from that of the Continental nations at a time when all the armies of the world were mercenary, but a system continued by Great Britain into the nineteenth century, when armies had become national masses. The English broke this rule in the great war of 1914, and all took their place in the line very gallantly, an excellent example of a people of strong traditions mastering those very traditions at need, and a new example, almost as admirable, of a return to the national tradition immediately the exceptional circumstances have disappeared.

For what do we see at this moment in the Orient if not a resumption by the Foreign Office of its oldest usages? England wanted to safeguard its interests in Asia Minor, and preserve the security of the route to India. By what means? By means of the Greek army. When the Allies had determined the fate of the Orient by the Treaty of Sèvres, it was necessary to apply this rule, which demanded a military expedition. The three pals, or to put it more respectfully, the three Great Powers, England, France, and Italy, looked at one another. Who had an army to send over there? 'I,' said Venizelos. The bargain was made under pressure from Great Britain. You know the rest — how Greece in seeking for national expansion has given herself over to English interests.

No, the degree of a people's armament is not necessarily by itself a mark of belligerent spirit or of the chances which it adds to the world's prospects of war. Political circumstances may force a peace-loving people to arm themselves to the teeth. What political circumstance keeps a part of Europe under arms after the peace is made? Uncertainty, the uncertainty as to the stability of the conditions of the peace, inevitable because it is perfectly clear that nobody can establish a new, or even a peaceful, world-order except through the survival of force and its temporary employment. The truth is that, although the other continental peoples might have rushed into disarmament, either from exhaustion or from some other cause, it was perfectly clear, on the other hand, that three fourths of the Germans were dreaming about nothing but revenge. If France has remained better armed than the other nations, it is because of two circumstances: first, that her burden has become heavier because the others have disarmed very quickly; and second,

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that the menace to her security is more direct.

Belgium is doing likewise because she is placed in the same position and is making an effort at armament never before known in her history; but if the conditions of the peace had been more stable, there is no doubt but that in France everywhere public opinion would have eagerly demanded disarmament and demobilization. Why? Lassitude? No, not merely lassitude, nor even primarily; but there are financial necessities which take precedence over politics: financial necessities which press so heavily upon maritime nations — for whom the burden of armaments is infinitely lighter, all the same — that America is bestirring herself to get rid of them. These are the nations, which we have hitherto kept out of discussion, which come into line and ask for disarmament. For if some day people do disarm, it is not humanitarian philosophy that will accomplish that great work, — reasons and means good enough for Wilson, — but it will be economic distress, the most powerful influence in the world.

It would be as easy as it is unjust to make merry over the political policy of the Republican Party since it came to power in the United States. The G. O. P. violently overwhelmed the unfortunate Wilson by accusing him of having mixed up national and international politics. Indeed, the new American diplomacy has shown itself intractable over the Island of Yap. For the rest, so far as European affairs are concerned, although it is impossible to keep out of them entirely, it is better to go back almost to the ways of the old rule. It is true that every contact with the Covenant of the League of Nations is avoided as a fearful blot; but all the nations are being called together in order to try to come to an agreement over a peaceful organization of the world — which was exactly the object of the abhorred Covenant.

If the two great political parties of the United States pursue the same political ends, — the peaceful organization of the world, a prudent and reserved watch over inflammable Europe, — it is certainly by very different ways. Were it permissible to introduce into political language those barbarous terms which are heard in our *ateliers*, we should say that the Wilson administration was Futurist where the Harding administration is Pastist. The Democrats hurried toward the future with the boldness of Icarus. They thought that the attractiveness of international ideas, of a universal brotherhood, would be so strong that the sojourn of their representative in the White House would end in the solemn opening of a new era.

The Republicans are men of another stamp and of less fiery spirit. President Harding never loses a chance to celebrate the virtues, the moral value, the stern customs of the early Americans. His party assumes the reins of government at a difficult hour; and like a good business man, the first thing it does is to take stock of itself and of others. Its first conclusion is that the whole world is on the very edge of bankruptcy. It must pause, change its method, begin to produce, and stop wasting. Now the great waste of the world, and, without doubt, the pleasure of some people, is armament. The first political task of the world is to disarm, and in consequence to set up a permanent régime of disarmament. Pacifism is the junction of two roads, where humanitarian philosophers and business men meet.

It is true that one can thus distinguish the Republican tendency of democracy. But, as often happens, these ideas mingle reciprocally in the American spirit. Neither is insensible to one or to the other. All are in some ways

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humanitarians and all are utilitarians. Do you not find, for example, in President Harding — perhaps even more marked in him — this mania for preaching, this disposition toward the homily, which struck us so much in ex-President Wilson? Read over his speeches. There you will find a constant invocation of divinity, a summons for men to turn back to obedience, urging submission to the laws of Providence which bids them love one another. This is a natural thing for the sons and grandsons of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, who made the first American settlement. Of the two, President Harding is the more pious, and that need astonish nobody but ourselves. Minds nurtured by the Bible, a society in which religious ideas have much more importance than among us Latins, a tradition of disarmament, the conviction that the all genuine benefits of military service may be obtained to good advantage by sports alone, and, finally, an almost universal business education, with the conviction that commerce and exchange alone serve civilization, and are not merely one of its most important means but its end — all these traits you will find among the Americans, and, we may well say, among all the Anglo-Saxons from Melbourne to Glasgow.

Every part of the whole race thinks the same way, whether it has stayed in the fatherland or emigrated to the four corners of the globe, in the Dominions; and America is nothing but a Dominion which has won its freedom. Very lately a thoroughly representative Englishman, Lord Northcliffe, has been traveling through the United States. The whole world has heard the echo of his adventures. His Government sought to hurt his reputation by countermanding invitations to a diplomatic dinner. The speeches of the great journalist may justly claim our attention.

After his trip through America, Lord Northcliffe went out to the Pacific coast, to Vancouver in Canadian territory. He talked to his compatriots of the nearest Dominion of the British Empire about emancipation; and this is what he had to say to the Canadians, as given by the editor of the *Times*, before his departure for Honolulu.

> We observe on the horizon a single striking event: the proposal made by the President of the neighboring English-speaking Republic, that the Pacific should offer an example to the rest of the world by becoming truly pacific through the limitation of arms, or, as some would like to say, by disarmament. . . . The world is sick and needs time to recover from the veritable shock which it has undergone. Its social and industrial conditions are not normal. Millions of men and women, who during the war were lifted to a better level of existence, are anxiously demanding not to be thrown back to the level of before the war.
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> At the same time, a movement of recoil manifests itself in the noble idealism which, during the war, animated the Allies and their associates. People feel a little discouraged. They ask themselves whether human affairs will ever be ruled except by force, and whether reason, good-will, and common sense, will ever govern relations between nations.
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> This is what makes the work which the delegates of the Conference at Washington may accomplish, so important. It is possible that they will bring about the birth of peace in the Pacific, and that is what specially concerns us.
>
> But this is not all [pursues Lord Northcliffe]. The example given will be irresistible. The advantages gained by the nations which will have thus decided to mortgage their resources to the god of war will be so manifest, that from the Pacific this movement will sweep Europe and the rest of the world.

The writer of such words is a celebrated analyst of the public spirit of his time. What recent address of a statesman has attained the elevation of this journalist's speech? And this

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speech ends with sad words about 'the regrettable consequence which will necessarily follow if we do not learn to read the signs of the times aright and to do our duty.'

And we French — what have we to do with all this? A greater part of our English and American friends know very well that we have, through our continental position, the heavy obligation of remaining under arms. Many people suspect us of preserving the taste of arms from a tradition, a heredity, and a history quite different from theirs. They are willing enough to reproach us with never urging anything but military means in international councils, putting our reliance on armed force, which has gone out of style in other continents.

We might have a good deal to say in reply to this, and in my opinion, we should have three essential replies. First of all, it is not exactly accurate that persistence in the régime of military armaments is characteristic of France alone. All the nations that surround Germany are armed; and when one examines their military institutions carefully, they appear to be equally armed. Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia endure military expenses proportionately as heavy as France — a proof of the fact that Germany, even when she is disarmed, influences by her spirit the armaments of her neighbors. In the second place, there was a day when a guaranty of her security, of the diplomatic and not the military sort, was proposed to France, a double alliance in case of aggression. France immediately accepted, and she has not been a party to the circumstances which have prevented the carrying out of that agreement. Finally, it is impossible to consider land disarmament without taking into account at the same time the disarmament of naval powers. No doubt these two questions are very different, but they are more intimately related than appears in Anglo-Saxon eyes.

When we have made these replies to our friends, when we have tried to make them understand these thoroughly justified ideas, we shall examine ourselves, and ask of ourselves whether we ought not take account, not merely of the universal economic necessities which one cannot disobey, but of sentiments so generally entertained as well. The world is made in this fashion, and the Anglo-Saxons are scattered about the world in such a way that their opinion and their sentiments, if they are nearly unanimous among themselves, bring a heavy weight to bear in the universal balance.

In politics one deals with realities, not all of which, and perhaps not even the most powerful of which, are material. It is the fatal destiny of France that has constrained her dependence for so many years upon military means; and the true skill of statesmen, the whole genius of politics is to accept fate in part, and in another part to improve upon it.

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THE DECLINE OF THE DIARY

BY PAUL BOURGET

[*This essay by the distinguished French novelist and academician was in part called forth by the controversy aroused in Paris over the refusal on the part of the members of the Académie Goncourt to print the unpublished portions of Edmond de Goncourt's diary. According to the terms of the Goncourt Foundation this should have been done in 1916. M. Bourget's essay has added point for English-speaking readers because of the interest aroused by* Margot Asquith, *an additional volume of which is to be issued presently.*]

From *L'Illustration, September* 17
(Paris Illustrated Weekly)

Ought the unpublished pages of the *Journal des Goncourt* to be published or not? The reply to this question has set a good deal of ink to flowing.

I suppose that those who are faithful to the memories of the authors of *Madame Gervaisais*, among whom I am enrolled, do not concern themselves very vehemently either for or against it. They know in advance that the new volumes of the journal will add themselves to the rest, to be placed on the shelf in the library and not to be opened very often. It is the weak part of the work of the two brothers, — let us not separate them even in the survival of the elder, — this memorandum of impressions, which, we must often admit, are without significance, unverified bits of gossip, and sketches of literary figures, conscientious, but without any great resemblance. The Goncourts were original novelists, however they may have lacked one of the essential qualities of narrative — movement. The mosaics which they composed will remain a very interesting artistic effort, and their influence will have been powerful, if not always beneficial, upon the whole school of French story-tellers of the last fifty years.

As historians, they were no less original, and their success was even greater. Their monographs on the eighteenth century are definitive. It is impossible not to like their style. One cannot deny them a certain nervous force, and especially one cannot deny a personality of remarkable vigor. It is a made style, — such an unusual thing! — as individual as the sound of a voice or a glance. It seems that the *journal intime* of these writers ought to have been their masterpiece, but it is exactly the opposite. I shall try to show why, by stating a problem in general terms, in order to show what an element of degeneration the present abuse of this *journal* seems to represent for literature.

On all sides we get announcements of these intimate diaries. Scarcely has there been talk of this one of the Goncourts, when we are advised of the existence of an enormous unpublished manuscript by Amiel. The literary summaries printed in the grand reviews are constantly revealing others. They are heaping up among the war-books that have appeared since the Armistice, and this frequency permits the conclusion that there is after all nothing here but a fashion. Yet is not a fashion itself a precious document for the understanding of a period, and is it not a highly significant trait of the psychology of our time which is thus revealing itself?

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Go back one hundred and fifty years, into the age which was *par excellence* that of the literature of moral analysis. I mean our seventeenth century. Was there a single one of the great writers of that time who kept a *journal intime?* La Bruyère, it seems, and La Rochefoucauld were altogether marked out by the nature of their spirits for such a task. One wrote the *Caractères* and the other wrote the *Maximes*. It is not difficult to distinguish beneath their observation a high degree of emotional sensitiveness; but they have shown us nothing by impressions from which the personal touch has been abstracted. Perhaps, if one may say so, they show that same discipline of self-effacement which was equally Pascal's. 'The ego is hateful,' Pascal wrote; and Port-Royal offers this testimony with regard to him: 'M. Pascal carried this rule of not speaking of himself so far as to pretend that a good man ought to avoid naming himself and ought not even to make use of the words "I" and "me."' The same silence with regard to themselves appears in Racine, in Molière, in La Fontaine. Those of their contemporaries or their predecessors who broke silence at least kept no journals. They composed memoirs.

There is a great difference between these two kinds of writing. The writer of memoirs, like Montluc, Retz, and Gourville, — I take these names at random among fifty others, — is a kind of historian. He brings testimony with regard to events in which he has taken part, at an age when the hour of repose has struck for him. 'I shall begin by saying that I have entered my seventy-eighth year,' says Gourville; and Cardinal de Retz: 'Madame, whatever repugnance I may have in giving to you the history of my life, which has been disturbed by so many different adventures —'; and Montluc: 'Having retired to my home at the age of sixty-five, to find some repose after the many sorrows which I have suffered, I desire to spend the time that remains to me in describing the combats in which I have been involved during fifty-two years.'

First a man did something, then he told about it. It is the same way with reality. Life has placed in him some images which spring up again by the instinctive and spontaneous working of memory. He copies his images, and he thinks that he ought to excuse himself from arguing that his witnessing will permit him to understand better the events he regards as important.

While they were alive, these writers of memoirs did not watch themselves live. They did not sit by the window — as a philosopher says in defining the abuse of introspection — to watch themselves go by in the street. If they permitted themselves introspection, it was to devote themselves to prayer, which it would be interesting to define here, since it represents the salutary and normal exercise of the faculty of which the *journal intime* (understood in the modern fashion of the Goncourts and of Amiel) is the disease. Need we recall the well-known passage of M. Renan in his *Souvenirs de jeunesse* about the old priest of Saint-Sulpice, listening to the reading of a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies after 1830: — 'It is easy to see, my friend, that these chaps don't pray.' Renan continued: 'His sentence has lately come back to my mind in regard to certain discourses. How many things are explained by the fact that very probably M. Clemenceau does not pray.'

Prayer is the turning of the human being upon himself, with a will directed to improving his condition. The look into his own soul is nothing but a means; in the *journal intime* it is an end. All the difference in the world is there. For men of the seventeenth century, to study one's self was to repent. In the outline of a sermon, Bossuet says magnificently, 'All the wounds of the soul must be

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healed by sorrow and, in consequence, all the wounds must be known.' The first book of the *Traité de l'Oraison*, by Nicole, has for its title, 'That Thoughts Alone are not Prayer.' In what light would men of this stamp have regarded one of their associates who came to tell them,—

> Every evening I sit at my table to analyze systematically the very least sensation of the day. All the changes of my temper, I examine solicitously, my smallest crosses as well as my most insignificant joys. The more peculiar they are, the more I am pleased. All those whom I have encountered, relatives and friends, as well as outsiders, I mark down just as they have appeared to me. The words that they have uttered, when they were opening their hearts to me, I put down scrupulously. It is not public events that interest me; it is these trifling anecdotes, which I gather from the intimacy of one man or another. I never go out from my home except to gather up greater stories. I never come back except to heap up my treasury of little notes, and so, to pick apart my nerves, fibre by fibre, and to note it down, always to note it down.

This is a good place to recall Pascal and the conclusion of his terrible page on the hateful ego. 'I hate it because it is unjust, because it makes itself the centre of everything. I shall hate it forever.'

Let us admit that there is a little Jansenism in this conclusion. The sweeping condemnation of nature, here as so often in the *Pensées*, pushes to extremes a reaction, wise enough in itself, against that disposition that the medical language of to-day calls by a term in which Pascal's very phrase reappears, though made a little more barbarous: *egotocentrism*.

But let us confine ourselves to the psychology of the writer of a *journal intime*, who is describing the material of his reflection. The ego described by him ceases to be detestable when these confessions, made with pen in hand, are torn from a sorrow which in some ways comforts itself, from an anxiety which does not know how to deceive itself, and we have the *journal intime* of Benjamin Constant, *Mon coeur mis à nu* of Baudelaire, *Brulard* of Stendhal, and the *Memoranda* of Byron, preserved by Moore.

These are genuine pages of egotism, but they were not composed from this standpoint deliberately. We are not here confronted with the complaisance of a self-hynotized vanity, in front of its own image, like Narcissus in the Greek myth. (What a symbol, and how just, of the destruction of the vain by their own vanity!) Constant is a victim of a torturing sentimental dualism. He diverts his suffering by crying out with his pain in his hands. Baudelaire agonizes in his misery over the destiny denied him. His journal, too, is only a cry. Beyle seeks to apply an anasthetic to the suffering which tormented all his life, by trying to understand himself better. 'I do not understand myself, and that is what tortures me in the night when I think of it.' As for Byron, *Astarte*, the lamentable document published by his grandson, Lord Lovelace, has told us too much about the inner drama which he hid beneath his daily confidences. He did not concern himself with a deliberate and systematic system of notation, like that of which the Goncourt brothers afford example, and the fundamental error of which we shall find in their case.

That error is the diminution, the progressive paralysis, of emotion by this very notation. The two brothers said and believed that they had made their nervous system more delicately sensitive by this uninterrupted work of intimate analysis; but when one runs through their journal, one is astonished at the absence of emotion, at the insignificance — one must repeat the word — the insignificance of the impressions that

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are registered. The cause lies in the lack of abandon to the hour or minute, in this continual recollection, which strangles all spontaneity and all self-forgetfulness. These so-called 'observers' were never alive, for the very simple reason that they never let themselves live. A profound and direct consequence of this emotional paralysis is the impossibility of representing the emotions of others. The old proverb, *Homo sum, et humani nihil a me alienum puto*, ought to be translated: 'It is through my own humanity that I understand the humanity of others.' Goethe said the same thing in different words: 'What you do not carry in yourself, you cannot receive.'

Nobody who associated with the Goncourts could have any doubt about their perfect intellectual honesty. For my part, I knew only the elder, Edmond. It was impossible to approach him without respect, and when we read in his journal such statements as this: 'At bottom there are only two things in us to envy, our love and our honor,' we, who were witnesses of his old age, agree with these two brothers in their youth, and say: 'That is true.' So it is certain that the notes in the *Journal* were taken with a deliberate and uncompromising conscience, and that in transcribing in the evening their daily meetings with Sainte-Beuve, Taine, or Renan, they told the truth as they saw it. Put these sketches together. A Sainte-Beuve, a Taine, and Renan stand out, but as such men that, if they had been as they are described in the *Journal*, neither the *Lundis* nor the *Origines* nor the *Souvenirs d'Enfance* would ever have been written. Now, these books actually were written. Well, then, there must have been in these personalities a force which the writers of the *Journal* were unable to see.

This is the test to which a careful critic ought to submit all the information about great men. This testimony may help us to understand why these men were great. Were not these three writers, whose names I have just mentioned, the friends of the Goncourts? What about Flaubert — that associate whom they loved and admired, of whom they said — and on this point they only did him justice — that he was one of those rare artists devoted to 'pure literature and never wrote books except to satisfy himself'? Did they know him any better than the others? They complained about his 'aggressive and sanguine health'! They did not even know how to see the physical and moral distress of the poor giant, haunted without ceasing by the terror of his dreadful *comitral* sickness. They found him 'hard on the nerves,' when it was he whose nerves were afflicted — and with what an affliction! Such blunders show how incapable these maniacs of the *journal intime* had become of looking about objectively. They saw other people only as parts themselves, of their own narrow egoism, and they failed to understand them.

Different as the Geneva professor was from the Goncourts by spirit, education, and career, there would be no great difficulty in showing the same harmful intoxication, in the case of Amiel. Only Amiel knew himself better.

He was not deceived as to his limitations. 'Other people seem like dreams to me,' he groaned.

I said earlier in this paper that the abuse of the *journal intime* represents a danger for literature. There is the danger, — in this incapacity to escape from self, which ends in the narrowing of the vision of society and in draining away of the imagination. When one regards closely the productions of the young writers of to-day, one is amazed at the great number of them and the narrow range of their subjects. They do not even seem to suspect that there is a great world to examine and depict. They are too often sensitive to an amazing degree in expression, and yet

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at the same time characterized by an extraordinary poverty of observation. Am I mistaken in attributing this lessening of the sense for character, this absence of large contact with life, and of the passion for largeness among these young writers, to the *journal intime?*

In literature as in science, the first condition for thinking and making other people think is a varied and rich experience, and this experience must be taken humbly by a spirit that yields itself to facts, that does not impose a preconceived formula upon itself. The *journal intime*, in exaggerating consciousness of their own personality in those who keep it, ends by becoming the most effective agent of that mental stereotyping which consists in never seeing anything but your own ideas. It is the final and most morbid variety of individualism, that other malady which is so frequent in our time, and by which the Goncourt brothers, like Amiel, were profoundly contaminated.

It is proper, when one is talking about professional literary men, not to exaggerate the oddities of their intelligence, if they have them. Their work is related to great general causes, but it shows them only indirectly and through the medium of all kinds of private influences, of which we must take serious account. In the case of Amiel, for example, the contrast between the air of the city where he taught and that of the German universities where he passed the best years of his youth, explains why he underwent an intense feeling of solitude, and why he has taken to the written monologue. One might show in the same way what a trial their intellectual situation in the literary world of the Second Empire must have been for the Goncourts. Viewed in this light, their novel, *Charles Demailly*, is a revelation by the very *naïveté* and poverty of its perspectives.

It remains true, none the less, that this process of adaptation to their surroundings, which is the law of life, was rendered more difficult to all of them — the literary men of Paris and the professor at Geneva alike — by the daily introspection which their journals represent. Each became unsocial in the original sense of the word: a man who does not and who cannot become part of a society. 'Society: a permanent association of men living according to common laws,' says the dictionary. Not only written laws are concerned here, but also those of which the Goncourts recognized the imperative value when they talked of the 'honor.' And the newspapers have just told us that the unpublished parts of Amiel's *Journal* include the very strictest observations on his friends and likewise on himself. Is that true?

Undoubtedly, the unpublished part of the *Journal* of the Goncourts contains notes certainly cruel for the living or for the dead, whose close relatives are still alive. The difficulties that have been made over their publication prove it. I am convinced — in view of the lack of critical acumen so constant in the two brothers, and especially in Edmond, the elder — that these notes will not disturb those whom they concern; that the tittle-tattle in their third volume will not hurt our admirable Sainte-Beuve. What good will these notes do us? Perhaps gossip like that about the Magny dinner in confidential intimacy — and to repeat such things is to betray confidence; or else stories of uncontrolled spitefulness — and to collect them in order to perpetuate them is a process which is rather disconcerting, coming from literary gentlemen such as the Goncourts.

The explanation of this anomaly is that they thought that they ought to write thus, — strange as this word may appear, — because of a duty. Toward

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whom? Toward their *Journal* and to serve the truth — this very truth which the hypnotism of that *Journal* constantly kept them from telling. It is a curious piece of irony, and it contains a great lesson. Fortunately for the memory of the Goncourt brothers, they wrote other books which this mania for note-taking has not been able to spoil. But it has lessened their value. One can only say how great a pity it is, when one thinks of the good faith, the fervor, and the gift for expression of these two brothers.

DEFENDING THE PHILIPPINES

BY VICE-ADMIRAL MARK KERR, C.B., M.V.O.

[The writer of this article besides being a vice-admiral of the British navy, held the rank of major-general in the Royal Air forces during the war. For this reason he may fairly be regarded as a non-partisan in any discussion concerning the relative importance of air-ships and battle-fleets in future wars.]

From *The Outlook*, *September* 17
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

Since last February, when I pointed out the apparent impossibility of battle-fleets being able to operate against an enemy when far from their own home bases, I have had the advantage of a long conversation with that far-seeing great sailor, Admiral Sims, of the United States Navy, and I was glad to find that we agreed on that subject, and on the future methods of naval warfare.

The report that has just been issued by the Joint Commission of Navy and Army officers on the recent bombing of warships by the U.S. Air Service has only emphasized the experience gained in the late war, namely, that it is extremely difficult to hit a moving ship with a bomb dropped from a considerable height in the air. I was in a monitor in the Gulf of Trieste when she was bombed for thirty-five minutes by a continual stream of Karpa flying-boats, each carrying three bombs, and flying at a height of only 900 feet. They registered only one hit, although the monitor was steaming at the slow speed of six knots an hour. The real danger to the battleship from the air comes from the 21-inch Whitehead torpedo which is dropped into the water and makes its run in the same way as if it were fired from a submarine or destroyer. Smoke-bombs will generally be used in the future before such an attack, to make a screen behind which the torpedo-carrying plane can remain concealed until the moment has arrived for discharging its missile.

In view of the coming Conference in Washington, it is interesting to pursue this subject further and to examine the best mode of defense for the islands of the Pacific and Australia against enemy attack; so let us take a concrete case and examine the problem of the defense of the Philippine Islands, the American colony in the Western Pacific. This group of islands, which is 800 sea miles

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long, lies at a distance of 360 miles from China, and 900 from the nearest point of Japan, while their nearest home-land is Hawaii, a distance of 4,000 miles from Manila, the capital of the Philippines. Hawaii is over 2,000 miles from San Francisco, and so it will be seen that the Philippines present, perhaps, the most difficult problem for defense of all the islands in the Pacific, bearing in mind their proximity to China and Japan.

The method of defense must be one that prevents the enemy from carrying out a serious bombardment of the towns in the group, and should ensure a sanctuary around the islands of sufficient size to allow ships the opportunity of starting or finishing their voyage for about 200 miles in perfect safety. If this sanctuary is a circle with a radius of 200 miles, it will give vessels a frontier of 1,256 miles on which to make their entrances and exits. Now, a frontier of this size is extremely difficult for an enemy to patrol efficiently, even if he has a base near at hand; but the problem of maintaining a patrol of this length becomes increasingly difficult as the distance from the base is extended. It must also be remembered that the Philippines will be only one of many such frontiers which an enemy will wish to patrol, and with each extra one the difficulty of supply and maintenance is greatly increased. Another addition must be made to the enemy's difficulties, which is that probably most vessels will leave the sanctuary during the dark hours, and many of them will avoid the daylight on making their entrance.

Before discussing the problem of defending the Philippines by air against a hostile battle-fleet, let us define our terms to avoid confusion. Americans usually shorten up words and sentences in order to be crisp and businesslike, yet here they have lengthened and complicated matters by describing every form of vessel that flies as an 'airship.' It would be a great simplification if they would adopt the European plan of terminology which I shall use in this article. *Aircraft* describes all kinds of air-machines, whether lighter or heavier than air. An *airship* is a lighter-than-air dirigible vessel. An *aeroplane* is a heavier-than-air machine, arranged for landing and taking-off from the ground. The *seaplane* is an aeroplane fitted with floats instead of with wheels, for taking-off and landing on the water. A *flying-boat* is a boat that takes the place of a fuselage and floats, and lands, and gets up only on the water. An *amphibian* is fitted to land and gets up equally well on sea or land. These last four are all heavier-than-air machines.

The best scout in the air is the airship, for she can hover, go fast or slow as required, has a good all-round view and plenty of room for navigating, observation, and wireless. An aeroplane, seaplane, or flying-boat, in fact any heavier-than-air machine, can get at an enemy much quicker than the airship, more especially if the enemy is below it. It is the terrific speed with which a heavier-than-air machine can attack a submarine after sighting it which makes the submarine hold the air flotilla in such great respect. The airship, then, will do the patrols in Philippine waters, give warning of the position of any enemy craft, and convey information to approaching friendly vessels as to what points of the frontier they are to enter. It is also from the reports of the airship that the port authorities will instruct the captains of out-going vessels as to which way they are to proceed. Information for attacking enemy vessels will also be supplied by the air-patrol.

The defense flotillas will consist of three different kinds, namely, the air, the surface, and the under-water craft. The air will have airship patrols, seaplanes, aeroplanes, and flying-boats,

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according to the natural facilities of land and water, and it will be advisable to have ships fitted as carriers for heavier-than-air craft, so that they can be ready to send up aircraft at the further limits of the sanctuary. These carriers will be fitted with blisters, to make them immune from submarine attack. They also should be fitted with kite-balloons, to assist in spotting enemy under-water craft. They must be able to float, but with them speed is a secondary consideration; whereas carriers with the fleet must have speed for high-sea work. The heavier-than-air craft should have speed and sufficient lifting power to carry at least two bombs of 250 pounds weight each, fitted to explode 40 feet below the water. In addition to this they must have at least one machine-gun. The bigger craft might carry a one-inch gun with a bullet which would pierce a modern submarine, for when a submarine is holed and cannot dive, it becomes an easy prey. The aircraft should be strong enough to be able to dive very quickly. They should also have a good unrestricted view.

The surface craft on patrol will be destroyers, submarine-chasers, and motor-boats. Some of these will also require mother ships, whose principal quality should be unsinkability. The naval authorities at the port will have a great advantage over the enemy, because they know at what point entrances and exits will be made, and they can change this point as frequently as they wish. This gives them the power to give sufficient escort for every one of their vessels 'proceeding on the ocean on their lawful occasions.'

The under-water defense craft will consist of submarines — which need not be of the latest type for near-shore work; but some of the most modern must be ready to attack an enemy in force should the adversary be foolish enough to send great vessels across the ocean to within their range. Submarines must be extremely well marked, so as to be easily identified, and their areas of operation be clearly defined, and it should be considered a very severe offense did they ever get outside the patrol ground within which they are ordered to operate. A submarine found outside its operating ground must be bombed without asking questions. Lastly, and well protected within the harbor, will be a few light cruisers.

The air-flotilla will carry three offensive weapons as well as smoke-bombs. It does not follow that it is either advisable or necessary for every craft to carry all three weapons of offense. This probably is asking them to carry too much weight. So there will be torpedo-carrying machines and bomb-carrying machines, the former for use against surface vessels, and the latter for fighting submarines. Another type will carry smoke-bombs, and they will act in conjunction with the other two types, when and where necessary. All three types will carry machine-guns for defense against the enemy's aircraft and for offense against the enemy's submarines.

All craft on the water, under the water, or which can land on the water, will be fitted with hydrophones for detecting submarines; and, where the depth of water is suitable, hydrophones will be used on a regular plan, so that enemy submarines cannot move about without detection.

Minefields and mine-nets will complete the equipment for preserving the sacredness of the sanctuary around the Philippines — a sanctuary into which it will practically be suicide for an enemy to enter, while at the same time it will form a literal harbor of refuge for friendly vessels engaged in supply or export.

If the enemy is foolish enough to

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send a squadron of vessels to bombard, annoy, or lay waste the land, or even with an idea of interrupting communications, the airships will report his arrival, position, and speed, and also the direction of the wind and the course of the enemy. The result of the receipt of this intelligence will be the issue of something like the following orders: —

'The enemy's position is square 365. Course S.S.W. Speed 18 knots. Single line ahead. Eight battle-cruisers. Time 9.15 A.M. Air-flotilla will attack half an hour after noon, according to Plan 23. Smoke-screen carriers to be two minutes in advance of torpedo-carrying machine. Submarines will attack as soon as possible after air-attack has been delivered. Airship Patrol Scout No. 7 will escort the first destroyer flotilla, so as to be in touch with the enemy fleet at sunset, the flotilla being out of sight of the enemy, but the airship keeping the former informed of its exact position for attack at two hours after sunset and before the rising of the moon.'

The enemy's battle-cruisers are going to have a thrilling time! From the moment they have been sighted from the air all friendly incoming and outgoing vessels will have been deflected to a point far distant from their sphere of activity; but the airship that has found them will remain their constant attendant, and, while sending the lambs away from this danger, she will call up the wolves to harass and attack. The battle-cruisers will first find themselves blotted out from all view by smoke-bombs dropped from the sky. A few seconds later 21-inch torpedoes will be coming through the water at them from heavier-than-air craft, firing through the smoke. Before they recover from this attack, a few bombs from the air will turn their attention to the skies again, in order to allow the submarines a better chance of attacking unobserved. When this is over, what is left of them will be handed over by the airship who has been attending them, to Patrol Scout No. 7, the airship that is in charge of the first destroyer flotilla. If, perchance, the enemy has brought some aircraft with him, they will be of the light fighting type, and the moment they appear to be going up, the airship scout will summon to her aid the fighting aircraft from the nearest carrier, while she leads the pursuing enemy on their way to where they will meet her friends.

The plans made out for the procedure of the flotillas will also provide for the enemy scattering their forces on sighting the first airship. The airship patrols are the centres of intelligence, as they carry a big and strong wireless set, and they transmit directions and orders on a shorter wave to the flotillas working in their area.

What can the big ships do? It is very provoking for a knight in armor to set forth to fight another knight, and to find, instead of the worthy foe, that he has stepped into a hornet's nest! There are so many joints in his armor and the coverings on his horse, through which the little enemy's stings can penetrate, while all his skill with the sword and spear will avail him nothing against his small and active enemy.

So it will be at sea. The mosquito fleets will keep the sanctuaries free, while the commerce and supply ships must play the game of evasion when they win to the open ocean. At least, that is how it appears to me, and, up to the present, I have not read or heard anything from anybody or from anyone's pen showing that air-flotillas will not have the command of the sea near their own base when it is far from that of the enemy. The logical deduction may be summed up as follows: the country that attacks another nation far across the sea will carry on the war at a great disadvantage.

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THE SILENCES OF PRESIDENT WILSON

BY CHARLES LE VERRIER

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, September* 10
(LIBERAL WEEKLY)

ROBERT LANSING says in his *Peace Negotiations*: 'The whole world wants peace. The President wants his league. I think that the world will have to wait.'

The private drama played between President Wilson and his Secretary of State is summarized in the latter's designation as a member of the American delegation: 'Commissioner Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to Negotiate Peace, during the pleasure of the President of the United States.'

Rarely did a mission start out with more promise. Mr. Lansing ranked first among the American representatives. He took precedence of such men as Colonel House, former Ambassador Henry White, and General Bliss. He presided over their deliberations when Mr. Wilson was absent. He would have been chairman of the American Peace Commission if the President had decided to remain in Washington, as his Secretary of State advised. Probably this counsel was ill received for two reasons: because Mr. Lansing had a personal interest in the President's remaining in the background, and because Mr. Wilson never welcomed the advice which he had not solicited. Even when he requested counsel, he preferred to be told what he wished to hear. Men in high office seldom like to discuss public affairs except with those who support their own opinions.

However, this preliminary skirmish does not seem to have affected seriously the relations between the President and his secretary. When Mr. Lansing embarked for France, he carried with him a handsome credential signed by Mr. Wilson, who, in accrediting him as a delegate to the Conference, referred in most flattering terms to his capacity and his character.

A man possessing so honorable a recommendation might well imagine himself firmly entrenched in his position, and likely to occupy it for a considerable time. Unhappily, only a few months later, Mr. Lansing resigned, after receiving a cruel letter from Mr. Wilson, notifying him that his chief requested merely that last service. With almost brutal frankness the President said that he was at the limit of his patience, and that he had encountered from his principal collaborator systematic opposition and wilful incapacity to understand and promote his purposes. This was the final break, after relations between the two men had been increasingly strained for a considerable period.

What made such an outcome inevitable? How did Mr. Lansing thus fall from high favor to disgrace? Madame de Sévigné would have written a moving account of this episode, in which she would have portrayed Lansing-Pomponne at first puzzled, then disturbed, then anxious, then desperate, vainly exhausting every effort to prevail upon Louis XIV-Wilson to break the august silence with which he defended himself and tortured his courtiers. Like the hero of a contemporary comedy, 'He is silent, he is silent, he cannot be persuaded.'

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Mr. Wilson seems to have been endowed by nature with a genius for preventing the execution of any enterprise by a responsible subordinate.

It is not our desire to injure or to lower the ex-President's reputation. Mr. Lansing himself is the first to pay homage to the high endowments of mind and heart with which Woodrow Wilson is gifted. But if the President's faults of personality have left their mark upon the Versailles Treaty, they thereby lose their private character and acquire historical importance.

Mr. Lansing states that the President never honored him with any information as to the policy America was to follow. If Mr. Wilson took a programme to Paris with him, no one knew what it was. The American delegates were reduced to picking up such information as they could from his friend, Colonel House. The President's stenographer was better informed of his real purposes than were his Cabinet officers. One can well imagine the embarrassment, and at times the humilitation of these Peace Commissioners, who could not conceal the fact that they knew nothing of the route their leader was following.

In any case, even had there been a programme, it would not have been submitted to the criticism of the other delegates. Mr. Wilson admitted no debate. He took it as a personal affront when his plans were questioned. It is difficult to distinguish between a man's acts in his capacity as chief of state and as a private individual. For instance, it was plain Mr. Wilson who embarked on the George Washington, and was angry with anyone who advised him against the trip to Europe; but it was unquestionably the President of the United States who disembarked at Brest, who exposed himself to intrigues of which he had no forewarning, and attempted to pledge his country's faith without being empowered to do so.

Mr. Keynes, in his vivid psychological analysis of Woodrow Wilson, has already emphasized the President's obstinacy. The whole art of dealing with him, he says, consisted in avoiding a situation where 'he digs his toes in.' After that had happened, no power on earth could make the President yield a millimetre.

All the world knows how obstinate Mr. Wilson was. But Mr. Lansing tells us that his indecision was no less remarkable. He would wait until the last moment before making a decision. But when he had once settled his mind upon a point, you could not budge him. It was so difficult for him to resolve on a course of action that he would never go through the process a second time. He reached his conclusions by the sweat of his brow, in travail and solitude. But when they were made, he would sit down at his typewriter and write them out himself. If his obstinacy was due to the pain and labor of making a decision, was not his aversion to debate and criticism due to an instinctive desire to avoid complicating the problem later by factors not previously considered? To Mr. Wilson, Lansing with his advice seemed but an irritating interrupter, who interfered with his own mental processes.

If we add to this intellectual obstinacy his over-wrought scrupulosity, and a certain dogmatism that betrays the clergyman as well as the professor, the result is an autocratic intransigeance, a tendency to absolutism, of which President Wilson gave many evidences, and the consequences of which still unsettle the peace of the world.

Many were the notes which Mr. Wilson addressed to Germany, to which that country occasionally replied. Even more numerous are the notes addressed by Mr. Lansing to Mr. Wilson,

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to which the latter never replied. We should be tempted to say that he replied to them less and less, were it possible to conceive different degrees of nothing. It would have been an amusing sight for ironic spectators to contemplate. Unhappily, however, in each one of these memoranda something affecting our own country's future was at stake.

The dates of these notes are inexorable. At very timely moments, and with great political sagacity and intuition, Mr. Lansing advised the President that the people of the United States would not pardon him for absenting himself from the country; that his pet, the League of Nations, was in danger of being made an instrument by which the strong would tyrannize the weak, or else of becoming no more than a bric-à-brac shop, to which insignificant controversies might be relegated to gather dust and mould; that the principle of self-determination was not of universal application, and furthermore, had been repeatedly violated by its inventor; that the colonial mandates were likely to make the United States the dupe of other nations, and to induce America to burden itself with the protection of unhappy nations where its only reward would be debts and losses; that the defensive alliance with France would be rejected by the Senate as a violation of the Constitution; that by their secret diplomacy the Council of Ten and its successors, the Council of Four and the Council of Three, had lost all moral prestige; and lastly, that the Shantung decision outraged the sentiment of the entire world, except Japan.

All these cautions and counsels sank in the pool of presidential silence without leaving a ripple.

The true cause of the trouble is revealed in a statement that Mr. Wilson made one day to the American delegates. They presented certain arguments against the President's political programme. The latter was obviously irritated, and terminated the discussion by saying in a dry tone: 'I do not intend to entrust the drafting of the treaties to lawyers.'

This indicates, quite contrary to the prevailing impression in France, that Mr. Wilson is not a lawyer; more than that, he has no sympathy for lawyers. He condemns their lack of initiative, their worship of the letter of the law, their servility to precedent. We can understand that, when we recall that the President's education was that of a historian. The jurist is the slave of his text; to the historian the text is but an index-card, which he files away and forgets. Men trained in these two methods of thought, so akin and yet so diverse, are sure to wind up in discord, if unpropitious fate compels them to work together.

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PRINTING AND ITS EARLY VICISSITUDES

BY GEORGES RENARD

From *La Grande Revue, July*
(PARIS LIBERAL LITERARY MONTHLY)

IT would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the revolution wrought by printing in intellectual life. It has been said that its invention divided the modern era from the Middle Ages. This is the opinion of Firmin Didot, — the opinion of a printer, to which one might oppose the famous reply: '*Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse*,' — but it is supported by all historians, who agree in celebrating typography as a discovery of incalculable significance, as an immense benefit, as a fountain of youth perpetuating the world's thought, like an arch-saint of humanity, or, to use the expression of a workman poet, like a conqueror who has sprung full-grown from the earth with thirty soldiers.

To understand the importance of the printing press to civilization, it is enough to glance at the primitive means previously used to preserve the memory of things past, or to allow living thought to circulate from one point to another. Everyone knows how, in ancient Peru, messages were transmitted by a system of cords, the knots and colors of which had a conventional meaning; and how, among other primitive peoples, bells made of different kinds of shells, or knots of one kind or another, served for means of silent communications. It is striking to observe that we still have reminiscences of these in the knot that we make in a handkerchief to repair lapses of memory, and in the notches with which village bakers mark in wood the number of loaves they have delivered on credit.

It was a great step forward when, by such pictures as boys chalk on walls, a man tried to represent the events that he wished to perpetuate in his memory. This process may pass for a step toward the invention of writing. When the artist set in line — one beside the other — a man, a sun, a house, a cow, a war-chariot, the succession as well as the attitude of the figures permitted him to explain, in a manner still more precise, a series of facts and ideas. Then a new step forward was made. The sign, already modified and shortened, — that, for example, which summarily represented the plan of a house, two squares, one on top of the other, — came to represent a sound. Among the Hebrews and Phœnicians this was called *Beth*. The sign, which now became a symbol, was adopted to represent the syllable Beth, and similar transpositions were made with others. One passed from ideographic writing to phonetic writing.

Progressing along the same line, someone thought of taking the syllables themselves to pieces and distinguishing consonants and vowels. That was a great day, for it marked a true social revolution. With some thirty signs, it was possible to represent the principal articulations of a human word. The alphabet was probably used by the Phœnicians, a commercial people, who had need of keeping their accounts clear. The effect was analogous to that which the printer was to pro-

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duce some centuries later, for printing also separated and rendered movable the characters intended to represent different sounds.

There is no need to describe here the various forms the alphabet was to take with different people. It is better to describe the widely diverse materials on which men wrote: sun-baked bricks among the Assyrians; stone and bronze on which official inscriptions were carved; flat bones of cows, sheep, camels; bits of polished wood; tablets colored with wax; animals' hides dried and colored. These last were an ancient specialty of the city of Pergama, whose name survives in our word parchment. The word vellum recalls the fact that a veal calf furnished the very choicest material for parchment-making.

During this time Egypt employed papyrus — a vegetable tissue so fine and flexible that we have kept the word *paper*. And before the Christian Era, outside the limits of the universe known to the ancients, China and Japan, countries which had outstripped Europe, understood how to make an excellent paper, either with rags or linen or cotton, or with the bark of certain trees, which were cultivated for the purpose, on which they were already printing newspapers and paper-money.

The book existed even then, but it had a different form from that to which we are accustomed. The manuscripts were strips written on one side only, which were twisted around a roll. During the Middle Ages, when many things which had been put down by the Greeks and Romans were being modified, missals, antiphonaries, and religious books slowly underwent a change. They became squares made up of leaves written on both sides, which were fastened together and placed between two sheets of wood, leather, or metal. People even strengthened them with corners or strips of steel, and placed them on great turn-tables, where they took the trouble to chain them. They were dangerous to move. Petrarch was hurt in the leg by the fall of one of these enormous folios.

People pretended that they were protecting them in this way from thieves; but borrowers were a good deal more to be feared. In 1515, at Venice, it was estimated that, in the library founded by Cardinal Bessarion, some four hundred of the eight hundred volumes were lacking, having been borrowed and not returned. So that there is nothing to be astonished about in the story that Louis XI, King of France, when borrowing an Arabic book from the faculty of medicine in Paris, was compelled to leave a silver goblet and, in addition, security from one of his courtiers.

During the same period, the instruments which the writers used in copying books were improved and transformed. The goose-quill was substituted for the brush, the reed, or the stylus. Black ink came to have preference: red ink was reserved for capital letters, for titles of books, and for chapter headings, and the men whose work it was to color and ornament letters, the makers of rubrics, as they were called, formed a section apart among the writers or copyists. The illuminators were, as we should say to-day, illustrators, many of them designers and miniaturists of great skill. Wood-engravings completed the manuscripts, many of which were veritable works of art, worthy of places in royal, imperial, and papal libraries.

The change of greatest importance produced during the century of slow life was the popularization of paper. It came from the depth of Asia, no doubt carried by the Arabs, who were the greatest liaison agents between the

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East and West. Made first of cotton, then of linen, it spread after the Crusaders through the countries that border the Mediterranean. Moorish Spain was one of the centres of manufacturing, and the most ancient European specimens are preserved in the Escorial. In 1221, Emperor Frederick II gave orders to his officials to write, or recopy, their laws on parchment, instead of trusting to this fragile material. At the beginning of the fourteenth century paper-mills were in full activity in France, at Troyes and at Essen.

We must not forget that all the work was done by hand, except in paper-mills run by water-power. Copying a manuscript occupied several men for several months, and after this was over, one had merely a single copy. It is known that a work on ecclesiastical law, entitled *Les Canons de Gratien*, took twenty-one months of assiduous labor in the copying; and at that rate it would have taken 5250 years to make an edition of 3000 copies. Prices corresponded with the labor involved, and it was estimated in 1914 that the cost would be from five hundred to six hundred francs, which represents at least four times as much to-day. The book, in consequence, was a luxury for the great lord and the prelate. This state of affairs, however, was to change entirely.

There was, as is usually the case, a confluence of inventions, of progressive discoveries coming from various directions — not a sudden leap from one system to the other, but a slow series of transitory states. Modification of rag-paper was one of the conditions which made printing possible. The perfection of wood-engraving was another. You find the word 'printer' used, in the Low Countries and in Limoges, for example, before there was any notion of printed books. Engraved plates, whose designs stood out in relief, and, when moistened with ink, could be transferred to the paper, were used for playing-cards, and by a similar process, whole images, with a line of verses on a single plate, were applied to the paper at a stroke. This is what one calls 'tabular printing,' when one wishes to speak Latin, and 'xylographic printing,' when one wishes to speak Greek. It seems to have existed in Korea several centuries before the Christian Era; in Europe it was common in the first half of the fifteenth century.

But the decisive discoveries were the separation of the letters, which had hitherto marched in company; the creation of movable characters, first in wood, then in metal; and the means of aligning them as the words might require and of forcing them against the paper in a press, which was an imitation of the wine-press, cider-press, or oil-press. The ancient Romans had already devised letters which they could use in teaching children to read; and Cicero makes allusion to these when he says that it would be a chimerical vision to hope to reconstruct the poems of Homer by scattering at random the letters of which they were composed. The people of antiquity had also made use of stamps, that is, seals, which imprinted in wax a signature or an emblem; but these ingenious processes remained without any connection between them, neglected, if not useless, forerunners.

A great invention is like a river, which, though at first a little brook, grows on its way by a throng of little watercourses before it becomes navigable; and yet a day comes when it sweeps along powerfully and majestically, easily carrying ships upon its bosom. That day came, for printing, in the middle of the fifteenth century. From the time of its first appearance,

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it was greeted with cries of anger and of enthusiasm. It was cursed by the army of copyists, whom it ruined and all but condemned to death; but by the rest of the population it was praised and celebrated as the art of arts and the science of sciences — a marvel more divine than human.

During its early existence it was thus the object of contradictory sentiments. We must therefore analyze its effects by a rigorous method. Under its two essential forms it bore upon the past, present, and the future. Before everything else, it was the conservator of all that had been done and thought by generations past. Men of every time have tried to open communication with the dead, and those even of our day have not given up the effort to evoke their shades. Well, printing puts us in communication with invisible spirits, and brings them back to life for us; it perpetuates and multiplies the work of their brain; it assures us that the phases through which human civilization has passed will continue to be known; it gives the half-blotted documents which have come down to us through the ages a life without limit.

It is no less useful to science. Thanks to it, the treasures of experience heaped up by our ancestors run no risk of being lost. Truth once acquired is ours forever. Thanks to it, humanity may be compared to a single man, who lives and grows without ceasing. It prevents a relapse into darkness — those regressions of ignorance such as have followed great social cataclysms, as the barbarian invasions. It has sometimes been called the mother-invention of modern times, because it led to the birth of other inventions by scattering knowledge of what was already known.

It protects equally against death and against oblivion the treasures of beauty which the centuries gone by have left us. We may lament the regrettable lacunæ in what remains of the literature of antiquity. Manuscripts were rare and perishable; many have disappeared, been burned, rotted, gnawed by rats, or scratched out by monks in times when parchment was scarce. Masterpieces have in this way been taken from us. But these losses which preceded printing cannot be repaired. That grand popularizer, the printing press, has reproduced by millions copies of the works of literature, the chants and legends of religion, the dreams of poets, the meditations of philosophers; all those products of human genius which constitute the delight and consolation of the educated, which people the solitude and fill the silence with voices for the reader shut up in his study; which charm, exalt, and inspire those newly come to the intellectual world. . . .

The opponents of printing may be classified in three groups. First, the copyists and illuminators whose means of livelihood it took away. Like every mechanical invention, which takes the place of hand-labor, it sacrificed a fairly large number of workmen. It was the same way at the introduction of railroads, and of machinery in factory labor. Industrial progress sweeps on, like a regiment of shock-troops over the bodies of those who fall in the trenches.

The exasperation of all those who are sacrificed is translated into outcry, indignation, and calumny. The first printers were called sorcerers, and children of the devil. As proof, it was pointed out that these printed copies which came from their mysterious workshops appeared with incredible speed and were exactly identical one with another. Would that be possible without infernal aid? In some localities typographical workers were compelled to flee for their lives. In other cases they took full

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vengeance by representing themselves in pictures as surrounded by demons whose faces were those of their predecessors and enemies.

Still longer and more serious was the struggle against the constituted religious and political authorities. Because of their conservative instincts, these did not like anything which might undermine the solidity of their positions of power. They came to regard with defiance an intrusion which threatened to introduce dangerous novelties. The theologians were prompt to take action. The bitter fight between the book and the church is the same as that between science and faith. It is the irreducible opposition of two methods: the one which accepts nothing that cannot be proved and which desires free investigation of the truth; and the other which proceeds by way of affirmations incapable of demonstration and which assumes to impose them in the name of divine authority incarnate in a holy text, a council, or a man. It was, as Victor Hugo said, 'the destruction of the man of the sanctuary before the printing press of Gutenberg.'

There is no reason for being astonished if, in every country, the books and those who put them into type, printed, or sold them, were exposed to interdiction, persecution, and the stake. They threatened to destroy, if not the spirit of religion, — which had its root deep in the ignorance and the anguish of man before the mystery of the beyond, in his powerlessness to decipher the riddle of life and death, — at least the blind belief in miracles and dogmas, which the contradictions of texts and the very diversity of the religions themselves, rendered suspicious to every reader endowed with reason and critical sense. Printing was a powerful worker for free thought, and their histories are intimately linked. This is its honor, but a perilous honor, for which it has many times paid the price.

Priests were not the only people to make the art of printing pay for the daring words of which it was the vehicle. Kings and statesmen were not behind them in feeling the menace. Urged on at first by ecclesiastical bodies, then stirred by a wish to defend themselves, they subjected the new art to rules, restrictions, censorship, and severe inflictions, among which were fines, imprisonments, the destruction of condemned pages. Even death served as a redoubtable sanction. The booklet, pamphlet, diminutive relatives of the book, and newspapers when they were invented, — those leaves light as the wind and capable like it of stirring up tempests, — were many times made to feel the judgment of the courts or the arbitrary will of governments. The freedom of the press — often proclaimed, always incomplete, and always attacked — never reached its fulness except in rare moments during revolutionary epochs. Even then it was strangled, and in the calmest times it has been able to maintain a legal existence only after heroic battles.

There has never been a lack of hereditary or ephemeral potentates to suppress it with a scratch of the pen, or of sharp politicians to neutralize it with corruption, or of infuriated conservatives to attack it with the very printing of which it is the legitimate daughter. In 1660, a governor of Virginia in a report addressed to King Charles II, of England, remarked that, thanks to God, he had in his colony neither free schools nor printing presses, and he expressed the hope that there would be none for three hundred years, since learning had brought into the world, under the guise of a gift, rebellion and heresy with its innumerable sects, which the printing press had scattered

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everywhere. Against this devilish press the government of the Restoration in France proposed several Draconian laws, especially that of 1827, which Chateaubriand called *le loi vandale*, which ironic wit baptized as the 'law of justice and love,' and which Casimir-Périer proposed in his turn to sum up in a few little sentences: 'Printing is suppressed in France for the profit of Belgium.' An orator on this occasion characterized the newspaper as 'a perfect ballista which throws torches and flaming arrows.' The report that precedes the famous Ordinance of July, the prelude to the Revolution of 1830, contains these lines: 'In all epochs the press has been nothing but an instrument of disorder and sedition, and it is so by its very nature.'

Still others denounced the heaping-up of books, which encumbered the libraries. They feared lest the dead should overwhelm the living. They asked whether there was any reason for blaming the stubborn soldier who caused the heap of manuscripts of Alexandria to vanish in flame; whether there was any need to regret the thousands of volumes that were burned up at Granada after the taking of the city by Spanish Christians, without counting the eighty thousand that were destroyed at the order of Cardinal Ximenes. They declared, not without reason, that there was much rubbish, much stupidity, and much useless information in these printed cemeteries. They charged the exaggerated respect in which the printed word was held with stirring up the desire to write, which spoiled many fine fellows and thus increased the encumbering multitudes of worthless men.

These people were disgusted by licentious novels, by monstrous books which dishonored literature, by the corrupting placards which covered the walls, and by the alluring drawings, which attracted the eye of a passer-by and were cynical invitations to debauchery. They protested against the flood of ink, which was too much like a river of mud. They demanded dikes against this mounting morass of vice and immorality. They contended also that even the discoveries of science furnished new and terrifying arms for war and crime; that printing scattered broadcast the formulas for explosive and asphyxiating gases, made itself the accomplice of assassins, of the incendiaries of cities, and of the destroyers of cathedrals.

Still others were especially struck by the vices of the daily press, which distorted the truth for party interest, a time-server that formed false opinion because it depended upon money power. . . . But must we condemn a thing because it may sink into abuse? If this were true, no human invention would escape. Must we abandon love because it can descend to a brutal and voluptuous appetite; or liberty because it can become license; or work because it ends in exhaustion; or life because it is full of sorrow and suffering?

Printing is an instrument of indefinite progress, which can, without any doubt, be turned from its true and beneficent function, but which, properly guided, has produced and will still produce that which will cheer and guide men, that which will render them masters of nature and of themselves, juster, better, and happier.

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A HOLIDAY IN POLAND

BY B. J. WILDEN-HART

From *The National Review, September*
(Conservative Monthly)

My friends came to see me off at Victoria Station, with something of the demeanor of those who come to see the last of one who is setting out for a journey to the North Pole or to the unexplored parts of Central Africa. Not only was I actually going on a holiday to Poland, of all places, — a country said to be typhus-ridden and infested with Bolsheviki, and which was, moreover, supposed to be in the last throes of starvation, — but I was also mad enough to take my young and not overstrong wife with me. I had always been regarded as being a little eccentric by my friends and relatives, especially the latter; but this strange outbreak was apparently the last time that they would have the opportunity of criticizing my madness, and they felt that all they had to do was to await the telegram announcing my premature and probably painful death, together with that of the young and delicate wife I was dragging to destruction.

At a cost of £11 each I had booked two first-class tickets from Victoria to Stentsch, a town well named, which is the last town in Germany before one reaches the Polish frontier. We were to take the boat from Dover to Ostend, and there to join the Wagons-Lits Company's luxurious coach, in which we were to sleep and live for two nights and a day. At length the whistle blew, the last farewells were made with almost funereal solemnity, and in due course we arrived at Dover, and a fast boat conveyed us, in a little over three hours, to Ostend. The boat landed us right alongside the train, and we soon found ourselves ensconced in the comfortable *wagon-lit* which was to run us through to Warsaw without a change. . . .

We arrived in Warsaw exactly two days after leaving London, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel Bristol, the best in Warsaw. And here we began to experience that novel sensation of endless wealth in our English money. A week's hotel-bill, for breakfast and a double bedroom and sitting-room, cost in English money only 26 shillings *for the two of us*. This was the most expensive part of our trip. Later on, at Zakopane, the same meals and accommodation cost only 12*s*. 7*d*. for the two of us. We had most of our meals out in restaurants, and here again we lived like lords on practically nothing. A three-course dinner, with beer and coffee cost us only 2*s*. 4*d*. for the two; while a simple one-course meal of beefsteak, three vegetables, beer and coffee could be had for 7½*d*. each. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we lived in style. We drove everywhere in the useful and comfortable droshkas which abound in Poland, and found that we could have about eighty-five good rides for one pound English.

In Warsaw there are many sights to be seen and places of interest to be visited. There are places that are historic and others that are merely picturesque. We had arrived at a most interesting period in Poland's glorious but checkered career, as the people were engaged in repairing the ruins and

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cleaning up the mess left by the Russian and German occupations. One of the saddest sights, and one that roused our wrath more than almost any other, was the disgraceful state in which the once beautiful and famous library of the Royal Palace had been left by the Russians. What once had been a very long corridor-shaped building, beautifully embellished with works of art, with sculptured frescoes and marble pillars, was left by the Russians a crumbling ruin enclosing a dunghill; for they had, some years ago, removed all the books to Petrograd, and during the war stabled the horses of a Cossack regiment there. The Poles have suffered untold losses by the removal of their most beautiful works of art into Russia, and they would have lost everything if it had not been for their ingenuity and patriotism. Many of the most valuable works were hidden in private houses, and others were preserved in the following ingenious way. Even the rapacious Tsarist government could not repeal the laws relating to private property; and so works of art in private houses were exempt from confiscation, and it was from the Royal Palace and public buildings that the artistic treasures of Poland were removed to Russia. Taking advantage of this, the wealthy and patriotic Woroniecki family (the title of patriotic is almost redundant, as all Poles are patriotic) built a large private art-gallery, and smuggled into it, under the noses of the Russian officials, such public works of art as could be safely removed. . . .

It is very flattering to our English pride to note what great admiration the Poles have always had for the work of British artists. Under the Russian dispensation the old market-place of Warsaw, called the Rynek, was allowed to sink to rack and ruin and to become the abode of thousands of ill-favored Jews. Since the departure of the Russians the Poles have made great efforts to reclaim the magnificent palace-like houses in which once lived the pride and nobility of Poland. A society has been formed for this purpose, and in the first of these fine old residences so restored has been placed an exhibition of old British engravings which leaves one filled with admiration for the high artistic sense and delicate taste of the Poles. There are over 350 engravings in all, dating back to the seventeenth century, each one in perfect condition; and yet they have all been lent by private owners living in one city only — Warsaw. As none but the rarest and perfectly preserved were accepted, there must be thousands of old British prints in Warsaw alone. There are no less than 43 examples of the work of James and William Ward, one very fine Blake, 15 by Bartolozzi, a couple by G. Cruikshank, a Hogarth, 13 by Reynolds and 6 by James Watson. The moving spirit of the exhibition is Count Edward Krasinski, who has a fine palace near Warsaw. Not the least agreeable point about the exhibition in Warsaw is the delightful way in which the engravings have been arranged. Many an art gallery in Europe might well send its curator to pick up a few hints from this small but exquisite exhibition of British engravings.

In one respect, familiar, if painful, to the experience of Londoners, Warsaw resembles London. During the long Russian administration of the country following on the Revolution of 1831, the Russians did their best to make Warsaw look like a Russian town. Many church spires were taken down and replaced by gilded domes and turrets, so typical of the oriental and barbaric world to which Russia belongs. The Poles, though Slavs like the Russians, were saved from the degenerate

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fate of the Russian peoples by having from the tenth century accepted Latin Christianity, and from that time on Poland has been in the vanguard of European civilization, guarding Europe against the ignorant and barbaric hordes of the East. During the last year or so the Poles have been busy removing the dingy-colored paint and dirt which made Warsaw so hideous. Among other things, they have removed a tower of victory, which was set up by the Russians by the side of a gilt-domed building that the invaders had put up as a cathedral. This led to numerous anti-Polish propagandists sending photographs to the English press, avowing that the Poles were pulling down churches and removing crosses. As a matter of fact, the cross has gone and all the gilt has been removed from the once glittering domes, but it was the Germans who did both the one and the other. It is to be hoped that these grotesque cupolas will gradually be removed and the original towers and spires put back in their proper place. To envisage the extraordinary appearance of these metamorphosed buildings, one must try to imagine the golden domes and glittering minarets of a Turkish mosque superimposed on the roof of, say, St. Pancras Church. In a few years Polish taste and common sense will have restored Poland to something approaching her appearance prior to the advent of her incapable and inartistic enemies.

Warsaw is at present overcrowded as the result of the Bolshevist invasion of last year and of the presence of many and various 'Missions.' Most of the hotels are more than full, but life is rapidly becoming more normal, and it it is to be hoped that the need for these special missions will ere long be removed. To meet the great demand for food and also to give work to the unemployed, the municipality of Warsaw two or three years ago embarked on an enterprise which has been wonderfully successful and has had great results. On the outskirts of the town were some old fortifications, where the Russians had a huge drill-ground, several thousand acres in extent. This drill-ground was as hard and bare as a country road, and yet to-day, owing to the intense activities of those in charge of the enterprise, every foot of land is under cultivation and producing food on a tremendous scale. At present over a million cabbages a day are being sold, while this year the strawberries sold for over a million and a half marks. This great and successful undertaking is no exception in Poland. All over the country are to be seen factories and houses almost springing out of the ground, while new mines are being opened up, railways built, and roads made. Practically all the mines and factories that had been destroyed by the Germans have resumed work, and are turning out from 60 to 90 per cent of their pre-war production.

One of the greatest needs of the country at the present moment is machinery and spare parts. Practically every motor-car in the country is breaking down daily for the want of a few simple repairs. The Germans have practically closed their frontiers to Polish imports in order to try to further depreciate the exchange, while the adverse rate of the pound sterling prevents the Poles from buying from Great Britain. The present writer has had as many as three breakdowns in one day, and on one occasion arrived at his destination only through the good offices of a brand-new motor-bus, one of several which the Polish educational authorities have provided for the transport of the children of mining villages to higher grade schools, in towns which are often several miles off. Owing to this very up-to-date department of the Polish

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Government, he was able to keep his appointment and incidentally to give his hostess the fright of her life, as, hearing his bus rumble up the drive, with a government educational inscription painted on the sides, she quite thought that a special mission of some sort or other — and there are many such, both Polish and Allied — had come to make a more or less expensive stay with her.

Whether going down into a coal-mine can be looked upon as a holiday task or no is an open question; but should the traveler have a predilection to deeds of darkness, he can very soon satisfy his hankerings after the lower world by making application at the nearest mine. The Poles are justifiably proud of their achievements in the coal-mining industry. The Germans very effectively destroyed the Polish coal-mines before retiring, and the recovery that has taken place during the short time since their unregretted departure is nothing short of wonderful. One small mine, which the writer visited, employed 2400 men before the war and produced 640,000 tons of coal annually. The Germans completely destroyed the mine and the machinery with dynamite, and yet, in spite of that, since the Armistice not only has this mine been restored and the machinery partly replaced, but last year it produced 350,000 tons, a figure all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the workmen work only eight hours a day as against the pre-war ten hours.

No boys under the age of seventeen are allowed in the mines, and the men, besides being well paid, have houses with gardens, food, electric light, and clothing supplied. In spite of this very liberal treatment, discontent shows its ugly head from time to time. Electric light and cemented galleries underground make the mines very clean and visitable, while the destruction of the machinery has perforce brought it about that the Polish mines are equipped with the most up-to-date machinery procurable.

As the weather was so warm, we decided to spend the major part of our holiday at Zakopane. Zakopane is situated in Galicia, at the foot of the Tatra Mountains, which themselves form a spur of the mighty Carpathian range. These mountains are above the snow-line, but so steep that snow cannot lie on them. In winter Zakopane is the Switzerland of Poland, and in summer it is full of the glories and beauties of mountain ranges and fertile valleys, of pine-clad hills and musical streams. There are various excursions, both on foot and by motor-coach or carriage, and although the prices are as high as can possibly be extorted from the visitors by the rapacity usual in a busy summer resort, yet a whole day's outing in a luxurious motor-coach to a beautiful lake up in the mountains, called *Morskie Oko*, cost us only 4*s*.6*d*. each.

Nearly forty years ago the peasants of the village, now so prosperous and picturesquely clad, were miserably poor, and all of them deeply in debt to the Jews, who by mortgages and so on were gradually obtaining possession of their small bits of land. When, therefore, the great valley in which Zakopane stands was put up for sale, then there was excitement and fear all over the country lest the Jews or the Austrians should obtain it; for it must be remembered that before the Partitions of Poland in the eighteenth century Galicia had for centuries formed a part of the once great republic. Great was the rejoicing therefore all over Poland when it became known that Count Zamoyski had decided to buy the whole estate to make roads and build houses and schools, and to help the peasants to pay off their debts.

One of the ways of employing the peas-

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ants was to encourage the hand-made carpet industry; and at the present day there is a factory where hand-made carpets of the most gorgeous colors and attractive designs are made. These carpets are reversible and are extremely strong, and artistically suitable either for carpets or for hangings for walls. Altogether, our stay in Zakopane made us feel that here was a place to which to bring jaded Europeans, a place made beautiful by nature and picturesque by the brilliant costumes of the mountaineers and peasant girls. When it is remembered that our stay there cost only four shillings a day each for a bed and sitting-room and three good meals, with orchestral accompaniment for luncheon and dinner, it must be conceded that Zakopane should in future be included in the list of possible holiday resorts by the intelligent and far-seeing Britisher.

Reluctantly leaving Zakopane, with a vivid recollection of its glorious waterfalls and of bathing in its rushing streams, we made our way to Cracow, from whence we could take the train direct to London. The journey to Cracow took six hours, but the fare was only eighteen pence each. In fact, the expense of traveling in Poland itself is almost a negligible quantity. The only real expense is the journey from London to the Polish frontier, which, as already mentioned, costs nearly eleven pounds first-class, including sleepers. It costs a visitor on an average from four to five shillings a day for board and lodging at the best hotels. So that on a generous estimate a ten-pound note would pay all the living expenses in Poland for a month. It follows, therefore that, even by traveling first-class with sleeping berths, on the Wagons-Lits, a month's holiday in Poland, including return fares from London and full board and hotel bills, should not cost more than thirty pounds, or about a pound a day. This is beyond measure cheaper than the cheapest and nastiest of second-class conducted mass tours to such places as Switzerland, and should lead to a general exodus to Poland in the coming winter and summer.

Winter and summer alike, such places as Zakopane afford all the enjoyment and sport of any Swiss or other foreign resort. Tobogganing, skiing, skating in winter, excursions, walks, and bathing in the summer, and mountaineering all the year round, afford ample amusement for the most strenuously inclined, while there are picturesque picnics and very high-class concerts and entertainments for the more sedate and languidly disposed.

In case any should be deterred by the difficulties of the Polish language, our own experience may be of use. We found that all the educated Poles spoke French, and many of them English as well. German is understood by the mercantile classes and at most hotels. In addition to this, the Poles are so courteous to visitors, especially if from England, that a wire to the 'President' of the town or village to be visited will ensure rooms being secured and visitors met on arrival. The Foreign Office in Warsaw gives any travelers the names of patriotic Poles who take a great delight in showing visitors the treasures of their ancient past and palpitating future.

Every Pole is an enthusiast for his country. On one occasion a motor-coach in which I wished to make an excursion to a famous lake was full when I arrived. A Polish friend who was with me explained to the conductor that I was an Englishman who was seeing the country and forming impressions of it. On the conductor's explaining the situation to the passengers, a couple of men immediately offered us their seats, which were the best in the car. Unwilling as I was to deprive them of their

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ride, I was constrained to accept their kindness, as I had no other opportunity of going, and during the trip I felt a very humble and selfish being. I wondered as I went how many of our traveling public would give up their chance of a motor-ride in favor of a 'b——y foreigner.'

To know the Poles is to love them. To visit Poland is to encounter much kindness and vivid and picturesque impressions. Poland is bound to play a great part in the politics of the future, situated as she is between aggressive Germany and her prospective but blood-stained victim—Russia. A Germanized Russia would be an unthinkable horror for Europe. Poland is the sole obstacle, and should therefore be made as strong as possible.

IS KOREA MISGOVERNED?

BY RICHARD PONSONBY FANE

[*The author of this article, a British colonial official of long experience in many lands, presents a favorable view of Japanese administration in Korea.*]

From *The Japan Advertiser, September 7,* 8
(Tokyo American Daily)

At the outset I would state that I do not consider Japanese administration in Korea perfect, but I have yet to encounter an administration that can be put in this category. Quite recently I remarked in conversation that I considered the British Government of Hong-kong an eminently successful example of colonial administration. My friend agreed, but added that it was, however, quite unjust, and on reflection I was obliged to admit that he was quite right.

The first essential in colonial administration would appear to me to be the making and keeping of all classes of the population contented; and in order to do this, it is necessary to have an intelligent anticipation of their just desires, and not be forced to make wholesale concessions, as has been the case recently in India and to a certain extent in Chosen also. Great Britain is generally regarded as the most successful European country in colonial administration, and has the reputation of treating the native peoples under its dominion with kindness and consideration; yet after careful reflection I have come to the conclusion that I would certainly prefer to be a Korean under Japanese rule, than an Indian under Great Britain, or a Zulu or Kafir under the Union Government of South Africa. In view of much that has been said and written about the high-handed methods and cruelty of the Japanese in Chosen, this may seem surprising, and I propose to attempt to explain what led me to this conclusion.

First and foremost comes the question of *amour propre*, not perhaps particularly important in the case of the South African native, but of the

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very first importance with people like the Indian and Korean, with their sensitive natures and centuries of high civilization in the past. Now in Chosen, the Government tries as far as possible to recognize the absolute equality of its Japanese and Korean subjects. Since the reorganization of the Government under the present Governor General, His Excellency Admiral Baron Saito, all distinctions in law between a Japanese and a Korean have been abolished, and there is no longer one law for the Korean and another for the Japanese. This cannot be said either of India or South Africa, or even of British Crown Colonies.

Then a real attempt is made towards social equality and it must be distinctly borne in mind that the Korean of the present day is decidedly inferior in civilization to the Indian. Koreans are eligible as members of the social clubs and the higher classes mix in society. Anyone who knows India at all knows the very strong feelings that the average Anglo-Indian has on this point.

Moreover, Koreans can hold the highest offices, and several of them are provincial governors and have Japanese working under them. The public baths are, in most places, open to both peoples, though in some it has been found necessary to provide a bath where Japanese only are admitted. Undoubtedly, one of the greatest problems with which the Government is confronted is that of education. Ten years or so ago, at the time of the annexation, it was only with the greatest difficulty that Korean parents could be induced to send their children to the Government schools; now there is such a demand that the Government is quite unable to build and staff schools fast enough. At present there are separate schools for Japanese and Koreans in the primary and middle grades, — considerations of language render this imperative for the time being, — but in the higher grades students already attend the same establishments, and I was assured that it was the ultimate aim of the Government to establish a common system. Even now, if circumstances of location render it desirable, no difficulty is made about the admission of a Korean child to a Japanese school. Imagine such a state of things in South Africa. Practically every white pupil would be instantly withdrawn. It is necessary, too, to emphasize the point that the Korean of the middle and lower classes, until educated, is more unclean in his person, and more generally unsavory, than the South African or Indian; and though racially the Japanese and Korean do not differ fundamentally, their general outlook on life, and habits and customs, are as dissimiliar as those of the English and Indian.

My visit being during the vacations, I was unfortunately unable to see any of the schools at work. Though the air of superiority and condescension so apparent in the 'sahib' in India is far less noticeable in Chosen I thought I detected traces of it, and an opportunity might be taken, possibly it is, during the hour of morals of impressing on the Japanese children the supreme importance of regarding and treating the Korean in every way as an equal. I notice that instructions issued to the troops in garrison are emphatic on this point. Complaints have been made that the Government is more solicitous of providing schools for Japanese than for Koreans. I do not think these complaints can be justified, though the Japanese is taxed far higher for school-expenses than the Korean. At present there is, I believe, one Government primary school for Koreans for every three villages. In South Africa I very much doubt whether there is one for every three hundred.

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That Chosen has been greatly developed, and has benefited immensely from Japanese administration, is generally admitted even by the most hostile critics, and I shall not therefore touch on this point, beyond saying that, so far as I could see, what they had achieved in a comparatively short time is fully equal to anything accomplished elsewhere by other nations. I noted with great pleasure and gratitude the excellent work that is being done in the preservation and upkeep of interesting old buildings and monuments, and the patient and careful archæological and historical research which is being carried on.

If these facts are true, — and I am prepared to stand by them, — where is the fly in the honey, and why does one hear so many stories of brutality, etc.? First of all, the Japanese administration is very much in the limelight, and the slightest error, which would escape notice in British or other dependencies, is at once noised abroad and generally gets magnified in the process. Secondly, most of the reports emanate from Americans whose republican ideas are strongly antagonistic to bureaucratic government.

There can, however, be no smoke without fire. There must be some foundation for the stories that are circulated. Undoubtedly there is; some of them are true in their entirety; others grossly exaggerated, for the Korean is no mean liar, especially when narrating his grievances. Alas, however, these stories could easily be matched in the colonies of other countries. Whether with or without cause, — I have not the necessary data to judge, — the Government is very suspicious and prone to believe any rumor of disloyalty or rebellion among the Koreans; and in the past the police were able to take action independent of the executive Government. In criticizing the colonial policy of Japan, however, it is necessary to bear in mind her policy at home; and the powers of the police in Japan proper are considerably greater than they are in most European countries or in the United State. The average Japanese puts up with and thinks nothing of police interference that would be considered intolerable by an Englishman.

The police force in Chosen, now happily brought directly under the control of the Executive, is a very big one and is recruited, especially in the lower ranks, very largely among the Koreans. That some of these men at times adopt a bullying and hectoring attitude is probably beyond question, and in times of excitement excessive and brutal punishments, floggings, etc., were, and possibly still are, resorted to. Torture, too, recognized under the old Korean régime was, if not authorized by the executive, employed by the police. Violent attacks have been leveled at Japan for the brutal methods adopted and the many floggings inflicted in putting down the independence movement two years ago. That two wrongs do not make a right I fully admit; but British critics, at any rate would do well to inquire into the methods employed and flogging inflicted during and after, say, the Zululand disturbance in 1906, before they venture to critize Japanese methods. Flogging has now been abolished in Chosen. Has it in South Africa? I know that the use of the 'cat' was an everyday occurrence when I was in Natal in 1907–1910; and the cat is a far more brutal weapon than the Japanese 'jo.'

From what hardships, then, may the law-abiding Korean be said to suffer? He suffers from the bullying of the lower element of the Japanese population, who flooded uncontrolled into the country in the early protectorate days, and it is doubtful whether he receives sufficient protection from the courts.

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These courts are conducted in Japanese, and the Korean generally has to have the services of an interpreter, and the low-class Japanese is sometimes able to obtain a verdict on a point of law against real justice, for the courts are slaves of red tape. I state, merely as gossip, for I had no opportunity of substantiating the truth of it for myself that, while in cases between Korean and Korean, justice is administered, miscarriages occur from time to time when the case is one between a Korean and a Japanese. The Government would, I think, do well to encourage in every way in its power the acquisition of the Korean language among its Japanese officials; indeed, it might even insist on it as a necessary qualification for promotion.

The Korean suffers, too, from the suspicious attitude of the Government already alluded to, and is liable to sudden inquisitorial proceedings which, owing to cases in the past in which the police have abused their power, he fears excessively; but his lot is an infinitely happier one than the peasant class, at any rate, has ever known before, and his life and property are far safer. The Government of Chosen has been and often is accused of being anti-Christian. This is not the case. Indeed, judged from a non-Christian point of view their attitude is, I think, a very liberal one. Absolute freedom exists to propagate any faith, and Christian bodies have much to be thankful for in the way of grants of good building-sites, etc. How, then, does it come about that these accusations are made? It is because some of the missions, notably the Presbyterian and Methodist Missions, do not succeed in inculcating in their converts that churches and mission schools must not be used as places for political propaganda. When several members of the so-called provisional government of the independence movement were found to be pastors of these missions, and it was proved beyond doubt that churches and schools were used as their meeting-places, it is not surprising that the Government is inclined to look askance at these Christian converts and to suspect them of revolutionary tendencies. These two missions are under American supervision; and though the missionaries may be acquitted of actively aiding and abetting rebellion their sympathies are naturally inclined to so-called 'freedom' and democracy.

The Korean convert imbibes these 'pernicious fallacies' and ignores the instructions of St. Peter, who bids his flock, 'Submit yourself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers and for the praise of them that do well.' I was assured, however, by the head of the 'Ecclesia Anglicana,' — Seikokwi, — who rigidly prohibits any politics among his followers, that he met with no opposition from the Government. . . .

It is, therefore, in my opinion quite clear that the Chosen Government is not anti-Christian. It is, I think, highly doubtful whether any European country, or the U.S.A., would suffer Eastern missionaries to propagate their faith within its borders if the results were as unfortunate as they have been in some cases in Chosen. Japan is faced with an exceptionally difficult task in trying to bring the peninsula into an integral and loyal part of her Empire — a task rendered more difficult by the fact that for centuries the Korean has been accustomed to regard his Japanese neighbor with feelings of mingled hatred and contempt. They have, in the writer's opinion, achieved much, and deserve rather the applause and encouragement than the censure of the world in general.

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THE FAMINE AND THE CAPITALIST WORLD

BY KARL RADEK

[*This article contains a typical Bolshevist answer to the charge that Soviet misrule is largely responsible for the miseries of the Russian people.*]

From *Die Rote Fahne, September* 13, 14
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

Just at the moment when the Russian people, freed from the menace of the counter-revolution and the blockade, were about to reëstablish their national economic structure, a great calamity befell them. Famine, a result of the great drought, spread through the Volga district, which during the revolution had supplied one third of the grain. Superstitious peasants ascribe the drought to God; the more enlightened Western journals hold the Bolsheviki responsible for it; but one is just as wrong as the other.

When the accusers of the Bolsheviki declare: 'The civil war and the revolution have ruined the industry of Russia,' — making it thereby more difficult to deal with famine conditions — they are stating the plain truth, that *every war* shatters the economic structure. To complete the truth, it should be said, first, that the war of the protelariat was a result of the "glorious imperialistic World War"; whoever was to blame for the outbreak of the latter, it cannot be laid at the door of the Soviet government, which did not then exist.

As regards the civil war, the facts are these: An overwhelming majority of Russians, who, in November, 1917, stood behind their government more solidly than history records of any other nation, unable to fight longer, and unwilling to shed their blood in the interest of the money-bags of Washington, London, and Paris, crushed the Kerensky government like a decayed fungus, and erected their own government — a government of peasants and workers. But the deposed ruling classes, and German and Entente capital, would not permit this government of peasants and workers to give Russia bread and peace; they brought civil war upon the country, and conducted it in such a way that the internal economy and transportation facilities were at once threatened with complete destruction. The famine, which the Allies ascribe to the mismanagement of the Bolsheviki, was chosen by them at the start, as their nearest and best ally.

In the summer of 1917 the textile baron, Rjabushinski, of Moscow, coined this phrase: 'Hunger's bony hand will bring them to their senses.' And that this hand might the more quickly strike its claws into the throat and breast of Russia, the French Ambassador, Noulens, organized the rising of the Ukrainian Rada, to separate Soviet Russia from Ukrainian bread, and that of the Czechoslovakians, to deprive her of Siberian grain. In August, 1918, he sought to paralyze that pulsating heart of the Revolution, Petrograd, by attempting to demolish her bridges. 'Treat them as pariahs!' was the advice of Messrs. Lockhart and Lindley to their government. Their humanitarian English government, that even covers the nakedness of savages with Manchester calico, and that has waged wars

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that it might help the Chinese people to enjoy the bliss of opium, now proclaimed a blockade against Russia, in order to give her a stab.

With the cannons of Denikin devastating the Donez coal basin, with English troops laying waste the petroleum-centre at Baku, and Kolschak, the iron industries of the Urals (with the aid of Mr. Lesly Urquard, who blames the Bolsheviki for the injuries his own factories suffered then), the blockaded Soviet government was obliged to utilize every means at its hand to feed and equip the Red Army. The industries of the country were converted to the production of weapons and war-equipment.

But the Soviet government, neglecting the teachings of Adam Smith, took grain from the peasants without giving them its equivalent in the wares of industry, and so left them unspurred to intensified activity. And yet, had the Russian Soviet government observed all the other sacred writings of London City, as well as those of Adam Smith, one hundred times better than it does those of Versailles, all these teachings would be useless in the face of the fact that Soviet Russia had to feed and equip an army of millions in an economically ruined country. 'We have plundered the land, so as to conquer the Whites,' said Trotsky, in March, 1920, at the ninth Congress of the Communist Party in Russia. And he spoke the absolute truth. If we would save Russia, we could not spare the lives of hundreds of thouands of workers, nor millions of peasants; we could not hesitate in the face of economic ruin. It was the price of victory. When the capitalist press charges us with the famine in Russia, we answer them: it is the result of *your* policy, of your organized intervention and of the civil war instigated by you. The result of *our* policy is that, in our need, we stand here, not as a subject-land, but as an independent state, compelling you to fear our misery

As soon as Soviet Russia had conquered the Whites, she stood ready to begin her economic reconstruction. That we had kept our heads in spite of our victories is shown by the fact that, in the spring of 1921, we discarded our old economic policy, realizing that the measures used by the war-socialists were not suited to the needs of a country of small freeholders. We took the only possible path to save the country from ruin by the repeal of the requisition system, the introduction of the natural tax, and of free trade for the surplus products of agriculture, and by the application of capital to those branches of industry that could not by their own powers be built up.

During the war the economic programme of the Soviet government was to gather together all its forces for the victorious blow at the counter-revolution; and this could be accomplished only by the extreme centralization of power in the hands of the state. Its programme of reconstruction is to bring the separate economic forces to their highest development, so that, supported on these, the state may strengthen its own basis, that is, the great industries. Only by so doing will it be able to uphold the interests of the proletariat of peasants on the one hand, and of all Russia in its relations with world-capital on the other. Our economic programme is not now a communistic one, but it presents the only possible way to Communism in Russia. That it is, at the same time, the only policy which promotes the interests of the people, both peasants and workers, is shown by the fact that those of our opponents who (in words at least) reckon with these interests, can suggest no other programme. The dispossessed great landowners and capitalists natur-

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ally have another programme: Give us back the land and factories!

The Social-Revolutionists, however, who must reckon with the peasants, understand that this programme means the impoverishment of the masses, and a perpetuation of civil war. The programme, too, outlined by Techernow is, in substance, the same as that of the Soviet government, with the slight difference that, weak and characterless as they are, the Social-Revolutionists leave this on paper, while the doors would open for the accomplishment of the carrion-kite programme of the Junkers and manufacturers.

The Soviet government found the proper measures for the economic reconstruction of the country, as they had found the proper measures for a military victory over the Whites. But during the transition period, while the new policy was being formulated into concrete measures, — and before it could heal the wound made by the policies of the Tsar, Kerensky, and the Entente intervention, — came the great drought. It menaced 20,000,000 persons with intense suffering, if not death; and the country, economically so weakened, is not able to give enough help. The Soviet government has not veiled the fact; it has brought it clearly and brutally to the attention of the whole world, and has heard what the world had to say to it. The Russians have heard it, too, and they will not forget it.

The battle of the capitalistic world against Soviet Russia has been no comedy of errors. It was an attempt to strangle a state, that, being built in the interests of the working classes, formed a breach in the world-system of capitalism. The policy of the capitalistic governments toward starving Soviet Russia is the continuation of their previous policy, of the fight against Soviet Russia.

The difference in the attitude of the great powers toward the famine is only a difference in methods of warfare, following the failure of military intervention. M. Briand, since the defeat of his last imposed ruler of Russia, Wrangel, has not known quite how to deal with the difficulties of the situation. At first he cried, like Shylock: 'I insist upon my pound of flesh, not a gramme less'; he demanded the acknowledgment of the debts of the former Tsarist and Kerensky governments. But at the same time, he cast glances across the Channel, where his dear allies, despite their fealty to France, were concluding trade-agreements with Russia. The English reports, with that high impartiality which they show toward gold that is destined for their own pockets, declared the gold of Soviet Russia good and not foul. Even the angry Poincaré said: 'Our gold flows into the pockets of our dear English cousins; they are no poorer than we; shall we be stupider than these publicans?'

Then Briand began to shift, and while he was in this position, there came news of the Russian famine. He pressed back the wretched tears in his eyes, and said to himself: 'The end is near.' He demanded passage for troops to Upper Silesia through Germany; and the *Times* of July 22, that most faithful reader of his mind, announced: 'Let no one hinder him, because he is concerned, not only with the little upper Silesian robbery, but with a great heroic exploit toward Soviet Russia.' At the same time, M. Briand sent gold and munitions to Rumania, in order to remove the last Hohenzollern in the case, and to extend the ideas of the French Republic in the Ukraine. If by chance the harvest should be destroyed, M. Briand cheered himself with the thought that famine would also put an end to the Soviet government. The Russian ground, sown anew with French shrapnel, should bear a great excess of fruit.

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Mr. Kerensky, whom M. Briand considers a great statesman, forgetting how well he prepared the way for the victory of the Bolsheviki, warned him against too great an appearance of cordiality. But stronger than Mr. Kerensky, than the sight of hearts stout against hunger, is the conviction that the bayonets of the counter-revolution can be best supported by demonstrations of sympathy with the people. M. Briand, thereupon, declares his great sympathy for suffering Russia, and prepares, in tragic style, help for the afflicted — without for a moment abating his preparations for intervention in Poland, Rumania, and Finland.

But M. Briand played his rôle badly. He appointed, as the French representatives to help the Russian nation, the brutal, stupid organizer of the counter-revolution, Noulens; the monarchistic General Pau, and the manufacturer, Giraud, who is well known in Moscow as a ruthless slave-driver of women, consoling them for their low wages by religious services held in his factories. The diplomatic poison mixer, the counter-revolutionary general, and the clerical sweatshop owner: what better proof could there be of French intentions? The truth is this: French imperialism, the leader in intervention, the father of the Russian famine, is preparing for a new intervention. The answer of the new Russian Republic is: We shall be on our guard!

INDIAN STORIES OF BRAZIL

BY CLEMENS BRANDENBURGER

[*These stories are taken from a collection of Indian folklore, recently published by Professor Brandenburger.*]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, September 7*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

The Wood-Hen's Revenge

The boy Kenanchivé — the Echo — lived in the house of his grandmother. He was a bad child, constantly playing tricks. Once, when it was raining hard, a wood-hen, wet through, flew into the cabin for shelter. But the boy grabbed the bird and threw her out of the door, saying: 'You have no business here.' And the wet wood-hen ran into the forest again.

On another day the grandmother went into the forest to gather fagots. Thereupon Kenanchivé blackened his face and body with charcoal, crept after his grandmother, pushed her over, and stole her bark apron. Then he ran quickly back to their cabin and washed off the charcoal.

When the grandmother came back and related her experience, he pretended to be very indignant and said that he would go into the forest and punish the evil-doer. So he took his bow and arrows and hastened forth. Out in the wood he scratched his toe with an arrow and ran home, and, show-

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ing the blood to his grandmother, told how he had been wounded fighting the evil-doer.

The poor woman sat down and lamented loudly over his wound.

But the wood-hen had seen Kenanchivé take away his grandmother's bark apron and wound himself. Because the boy had driven her out into the rain, she came to the cabin and said: 'Mm, mm,' and began to relate both incidents to the grandmother. The boy became very angry, and seized a trumpet and blew it as loud as he could, to prevent his grandmother from hearing what the wood-hen said. At the sound of the trumpet, all the young warriors of the village hurried up and listened to what the wood-hen had to say. Then they took away Kenanchivé's trumpet, and beat him well for his misdeeds.

The Turtle, the Pocket Gopher, and the Flute

One day when the turtle was playing on his flute, the pocket gopher came along and listened. Finally he said: 'Lend me your flute.'

'No,' replied the turtle, 'you would keep it.'

'Then play something for me.'

The turtle began to play: '*Fäng, fäng, kulo, fong, fäng.*'

'How finely you play the flute, Mr. Turtle. Lend it to me for a moment.'

'There it is,' said the turtle, 'but don't carry it off. If you run away with it, I'll make you smart for it.'

The pocket gopher took the flute, tried it, and began to dance. The instrument pleased him so much that he ran away with it.

The turtle tried to chase him, but was so slow that he soon gave it up. He shouted angrily after the pocket gopher: 'Just wait! I'll soon give you something to think about!'

Then the turtle wandered through the forest until he came to the bank of a little stream. There he found a bee-tree, and took the honey. Then he went back and lay down close by the path that the pocket gopher usually traveled, covering himself with leaves, so that only the front of his shell was in sight, smeared thickly with honey.

Soon the pocket gopher came down the path. 'Oh! what is that,' he cried when he saw the honey glittering in the leaves. He touched the honey with his paw and licked it. 'Ah, that is honey!'

Another pocket gopher who chanced to be passing by, said, 'Don't be too sure. It may be some trick of the turtle.'

'No, no! It's just honey,' said the first pocket gopher; and in his greed to get more, he stuck his tongue under the turtle's shell; whereupon the turtle quickly snapped it in its jaws.

'Let go! Let go of my tongue, you turtle!' shrieked the pocket gopher.'

'Now you see,' said the turtle between his teeth, 'that I mean what I say. I've got you, slick as you are. Ha, ha! where is my flute?'

'I have n't got it, turtle.'

'You are lying. Unless you give it back at once, I'll pull your tongue out.

Whereupon the pocket gopher hastened to return the flute.

The Pocket Gopher and the Man

One day a pocket gopher lay down near a trail along which a man was approaching, and pretended to be dead. When the man saw him, he said: 'Poor old gopher!' and dug a little grave and buried him.

When he went away, the pocket gopher quickly dug himself out of his grave and, running past the man through the bushes, lay down again near the roadway as if dead.

'Another one!' said the man in surprise; and he laid the animal carefully at one side of the road and covered him with leaves.

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Hardly was he out of sight when the pocket gopher repeated the trick again.

'What can it have been that has killed so many pocket gophers?' said the traveler, and kicked the body to one side.

The pocket gopher, still unwearied with his game, tried it once again.

When the man came up, he cried angrily: 'These beastly pests!' and grabbed him by the tail and hurled him far away into the forest.

When the half-stunned pocket gopher recovered from the shock, he rubbed himself, with a wry face, and said: 'It is best, after all, not to wear out the patience of a benefactor.'

The Turtle and the Magic Fruit

Once there grew in a broad forest a fruit so luscious that every animal wished to eat it. But it was forbidden to taste of it unless one knew its name. All the animals went to the cabin of an old woman who lived in the neighborhood where the fruit tree grew, and asked her its name. Then they went back to eat it. But when they came to the tree, they had forgotten the magic word. All the animals had this experience. They kept running back and forth, back and forth, but never could remember the name of the fruit.

Friend Turtle was the only animal who had not come. The others called him to make the trial also. Several, however, laughed at him when he arrived and said: 'If the swifter animals cannot remember the name long enough to get the fruit, you surely will not succeed.'

Whereupon Friend Turtle set forth with his companions for the woman's cabin, taking his fiddle also. When he came to the cabin of the old woman, and asked for the name of the fruit, she said: '*Boyoyo — boyoyo — quizama — quizu; boyoyo — boyoyo — quizama — quizu.*'

But as soon as the animals were a little distance away from her cabin on their return to the tree, the old woman called after them: 'O friend so-and-so, the name is not just as I told you, it's —' and she would say something else. So the animals were all mixed up; and by the time they got back to the fruit tree they never could tell what name was right.

But the turtle had no trouble; for he took his fiddle and sang the name to himself all the way back, until he reached the tree and got the fruit.

How the Pocket Gopher Brought the Dead Jaguar Back to Life

One day the jaguar said to himself: 'I'll pretend to be dead. All the animals will come to see whether the report is true. Among them will be the pocket gopher (whom the jaguar specially hates), and this time I'll get him.'

When the rumor that the jaguar was dead spread among the animals, they all hastened to learn whether it was really true. They entered his den, where he lay still and quiet, then they shouted with joy: 'Thanks to thee, O good spirit! he's dead at last. Now we can go our ways in safety.'

The pocket gopher also came, as the jaguar had foreseen. But he took good care not to enter his den. Standing outside, he asked in a loud voice: 'Has he sneezed yet?'

'Not yet,' answered the other animals.

'When my grandfather died,' said the pocket gopher, 'he sneezed three times.'

When the jaguar heard these words, he hastened to sneeze three times.

Thereupon the pocket gopher laughed loudly and said: 'Whoever heard of a dead animal sneezing?'

And up to to-day the jaguar has not caught the pocket gopher; for the latter is too sharp for him.

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THE GRAVE OF THE GERMAN FLEET

From *The Times, September* 20
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

ADMIRAL VON REUTER, the commander of the German fleet that was sunk in Scapa Flow, has published in Leipzig, under the title of *Scapa Flow, Das Grab der deutschen Flotte* (The Grave of the German Fleet), a compact account of the experiences and of the motives that led him and his officers to undertake their desperate action.

The book is distinctly personal. Admiral von Reuter assumes the whole responsibility for the sinking of the ships. He acted, he says, as a Prussian officer, in accordance with the Prussian naval tradition. He declares that he had no specific instructions or guidance from the German Admiralty, with which he was unable regularly to communicate. His attitude to the German Republican Government is definitely hostile, and he complains again and again that the Government, by its weakness in face of the demands of the Entente, placed the German navy in a position from which there was no possible issue except the total destruction of the fleet. The narrative is therefore confessedly personal, and Admiral von Reuter aims at showing that he was left entirely to his own resources and had to act on his own judgment.

There are indications, however, early in the book, that the idea of the sinking of the fleet was discussed in German naval circles immediately after the announcement of the Armistice terms. In discussing the reasons that induced him to accept the command over the fleet during its internment, Admiral von Reuter says he suspected a trap in the provision that the fleet should be taken to a British port for the purpose of having the extent of its disarmament tested before it was finally interned in neutral ports. But though, he argues, it might have been expected, 'in view of the British character,' that a pretext would be taken to seize the ships, it was necessary to wait for the proof of the deception.

> Once we were deceived, liberty of action would be restored to us; we could then do with our ships what we liked, we could even sink them. It was impossible to sink the ships before leaving for England on account of the temper of the crews and the collapse of the officers' authority.

The Admiral hastens, however, to add that he had not at that time finally made up his mind to sink the fleet; he could not form plans so far ahead. All these arguments Admiral von Reuter presents as if they had been evolved out of his inner consciousness, as a result of that conflict of motives which induced him to accept the command of the interned fleet. It is difficult, however, to resist the conclusion that these considerations were discussed widely among the higher German naval officers, and that, when Admiral von Reuter sank the fleet, he had reason to believe the he was doing so at least with the tacit consent of the German Admiralty.

The narrative is direct and simple. Admiral von Reuter has no love for this country, which he constantly charges with duplicity and breach of faith. He is firmly convinced that British policy after the Armistice was consistently directed to the seizure of the German fleet, and this he considers proved by the dispatch of the fleet to Scapa Flow instead of to neutral ports, as the original terms of the Armistice provided,

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after the examination of the ships in the Firth of Forth. The increasing strictness of the surveillance at Scapa Flow, the refusal of permission for the German officers and men to take exercise ashore, the introduction and gradual tightening of the censorship, and the long delays in the delivery of the German mail, are all regarded by the Admiral as an indication of the determination of the British Government to reduce the German fleet to such a position of isolation and dependence, that at a given moment it would be an easy matter for the British navy to take full possession of it. He makes the common mistake of attributing a series of natural everyday precautions to a deep-laid policy.

He holds stubbornly to the tradition that the Germans won the battle of Jutland, or Skagerrak, as they call it; and he ordered a quiet celebration of the anniversary of the victory on June 1, in the interned fleet at Scapa.

The chief difficulty that Admiral von Reuter had to face was the attitude of his own crews. Germany was in the throes of revolution in November, 1918, and the extremists were very powerful in the navy. The officers were practically helpless, and it was a marvel that, amid the prevailing confusion, the fleet was got ready in time to sail for the Firth of Forth on November 19. The officers dared not give orders, for fear of providing fresh opportunities for the agitators to make trouble. At a meeting of the Chief Council of Marines the leader, who had never been on a ship before, declared to the Admiral's Chief of Staff, 'Now, then, I have taken charge of the fleet, and you are my chief adviser.' The men wanted to sail out under the red flag; but when they were warned that this would mean being shot down as pirates on the high seas, they ruefully consented to hoist the naval ensign. They insisted for a time on keeping a little piece of red bunting on the fore-top; but as they sailed out, their courage failed them and they hauled it down.

Throughout the period of internment the revolutionary attitude of the crews caused the greatest anxiety. On the one hand, the Admiral was afraid lest any outbreaks of disorder might give the British authorities occasion for fresh interference and might even lead to their taking possession of the ships. For that reason he tried to conceal his own and his officers' troubles as far as possible from British eyes, and to secure some semblance of authority by moral suasion and by the reservation of judicial powers to the officers. On the other hand, the Admiral was compelled from time to time to appeal to the British naval authorities for help in maintaining discipline. On his visits of inspection to his ships in Scapa Flow, he had to use a British boat, because he discovered that among the crew of his own pinnace there were agitators who took this opportunity of spreading disaffection among the crews of the other vessels.

In February, 1919, the extremists on the flagship Friedrich der Grosse formed a Red Guard, and Admiral von Reuter saw no way of restoring order except by requesting the British Admiral to have the extremists among the crews shipped back to Germany. This was done; but Admiral von Reuter was in great fear lest the interference should go so far as to endanger the German Government's right of possession over the fleet. For this reason he declined the British Admiral's offer to place British sentries on board to keep order. With the gradual reduction of the crews the more active revolutionaries were eliminated, and the men who were left were comparatively well-behaved, though impatient and homesick. A mutiny that broke out at the end of

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April is attributed by Admiral von Reuter to the long strain of internment.

It was when the Peace Treaty was drawn up and presented to Germany early in May, that the Admiral began to take measures for sinking the ships. He could not communicate with his own Admiralty direct by wireless, and the mail from Germany was now delayed by the censorship in London. Therefore, he says, he was left to his own speculations and conjectures. Whether the treaty were rejected or signed by the German Government, there was no doubt, he considered, that the fleet must be sunk in order to prevent it from falling into British hands. If, however, as seemed possible, the German Government should wish to barter the fleet in order to secure certain national advantages in the Saar region or in the Baltic, the officers might feel it their duty to consent, though with a heavy heart, to the surrender of the fleet. 'That the fleet would simply be put up for sale certainly did not enter into our calculations,' writes the Admiral. 'We had not imagined the German Government quite capable of such a solution.'

At any rate, the critical moment had come, and it was time to prepare for action. The last mutiny provided an occasion for a further reduction of the crews, — 4000 men were shipped off to Germany, — and preparations for the sinking could be carried on, without great risk that a fresh disturbance might give an opportunity to the British to seize the ships.

On June 17 and 18 the Admiral's order to sink the ships was sent around on the British mail-boat to all the commanding officers. The original of the order fell into British hands, and the Admiral has had to retranslate it from the version published in the English press just after the sinking. The secret of the preparations was well kept, but on two of the ships the movements of the officers aroused the suspicions of the crews; and, in order to prevent the plan from being betrayed to the British, it was thought best for the officers to take the men into their confidence. A new order, drafted in a manner calculated to appeal to the temper of the crews, was therefore circulated throughout the fleet.

On the evening of June 20 Admiral von Reuter read in the *Times* of June 16: —

> Official summary: —
> Under the proviso of a financial arrangement, Germany is prepared to surrender, not only the surface ships demanded, but all ships of the line.

This news roused the Admiral's indignation.

> What hurt me most deeply [he writes] was that during the past months we had been encouraged to believe that the Government would insist on the return of the ships; instead of that, they had offered even more ships than the Entente had demanded.

He immediately decided that he and his officers would not soil their hands in such a transaction, and that the Government must be asked to send representatives of their own to carry it through. He drew up a message in this sense, and sent it to the British Admiral, with a request that it should be 'wirelessed' on the following morning to Germany. The message reached the British Admiral at a moment when he happened to be going out to sea with his squadron.

Having sent off his message, Admiral von Reuter turned again to the *Times*, and found on page 11 another startling piece of news. Five days, it appeared, were allowed the German Government after receipt of the Entente's reply to their counter-proposals, either to sign or to reject the treaty, rejection involving an immediate resumption of hostilities. On the following morning, then, Germany might be again at war.

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Saturday, June 21, was a warm, quiet summer day.

About 10 in the morning [writes Admiral von Reuter], Captain Oldekop reported to me that the British Admiral, with ships of the line and destroyers, had left the harbor on the way out to sea; that, according to English press reports, the Entente had refused the purchase of the fleet and had demanded its unconditional surrender; and that the German mail torpedo-boat might be expected on the following afternoon in Scapa Flow. I gave orders to hoist the signal agreed on: 'Sink the ships at once.'

The order was not communicated immediately to the crew of the Admiral's flagship, the Emden, because the British drifters that happened to be alongside might notice the excitement and raise the alarm.

Shortly after 12, the Friedrich der Grosse, gradually sinking, canted over more and more. The boats were lowered. Suddenly the ship's bell rang out sharply, warning the men to take to the boats. The boats filled and drew off. The Friedrich der Grosse leaned over heavily, water poured in at the open port-holes. A few minutes more and she heeled over and foundered. The air rushing out of the funnels set up two great jets of water. Then all was still.

The sound of the bell startled all the other ships into action. Everywhere boats were launched and drew away. One by one the ships went down. By this time the British sentry-boats had taken alarm, and began firing on the crews in the boats. The confusion was so great, says Admiral von Reuter, that the 'wild firing' did not do so much harm as might have been expected.

Now came the time to sink the Emden. The ventilators and flush-pipes were opened and the water came streaming in. One of the British drifters alongside tried to sheer off lest she should be sucked down in the vortex, but Admiral von Reuter kept her near till he had transferred to her all his crew. The Admiral went ashore in the drifter, to ask the shore commandant to have the firing stopped. The commandant, greatly incensed, gave orders for the Admiral to be taken back to the Emden. But the drifter went aground and only floated off again at high tide, and came out into full view of the bay.

By that time the British destroyers were racing back into harbor, their bows deep in foam. One of them tried to blow up the Emden's anchor-chain and tow her into shallow water; but the cruiser slowly settled down. Several of the big ships were just going under. British destroyers were trying to prevent the sinking of the German destroyers, and firing was going on. In came the British battleships and cruisers at full speed, just as the Seydlitz, Derfflinger, and Von der Tann were heeling over and sinking. The Markgraf and a few others still appeared to be intact.

The sound of firing died away. Admiral von Reuter went on the drifter to the Revenge, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, and from the Admiral's cabin on the bridge, he saw nearly all that was left of his fleet go down. Only the Baden, the Emden, Frankfurt, and Nürnberg were saved with difficulty.

The rest is well known. Admiral von Reuter was taken to Oswestry camp and then to Donington Hall, whence on January 29, 1920, he returned to Germany. It seems to have been a sad home-coming. But the Admiral is proud of his work in destroying the second German fleet. 'Unconquered,' he says, 'it sank in the harbor of Scapa Flow into its self-chosen grave. God guard the third German fleet!'

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PRAGUE AS IT IS TO-DAY

BY GEORGES BOUCHARD

From *La Revue Universelle, September* 15
(Political and Literary Fortnightly)

Prague is seen at its best on an evening in the springtime, when a mist gently envelops its towers and the humped roofs of its old houses, investing with indefinable mystery the strange bundle of palaces and churches that crowns it. Far in the distance the islands rise like stumps upon the calm immensity of the river. All is silent, but with a singular silence which one knows to be heavy with life. Happy is he who can abandon himself to this charm and let it conquer him little by little.

But the Prague of to-day is no longer in this poetic condition, nor yet does it live in the memory of past ages. Open stores, cafés, walls plastered with bills, modern streets furrowed by carriages and motor-cars, send up joyously and sonorously the news of the capital rising anew. The people of Prague in earlier days held very high the culture and the honor of their city. With fury in their hearts, they endured three centuries of German domination, and now they are again liberated and have their free city in their own hands, the centre and the head of a state greater than their realm of yesterday. Too grand, too big, too great, perhaps — from the mountains of the Böhmerwald to the Carpathians.

Their happiness is justified. From Prague the appeals of the nation have gone up for seventy years. It is at Prague that so much generous blood has been spilled for the Czech cause, until the recent day when, after the Austrian officers had fled, the fall of the Hapsburgs and the liberty of Bohemia were proclaimed as heralded in the peace. The glory of the past and the distinction of the present are going to the head of the citizen of Prague, intoxicating him. He is hospitable and easy of approach. He is delighted to meet a Frenchman, for he has a profound respect for France. But he thinks it necessary to dress up his welcome with all the solemnity of a pope. He is dignified, serious; he insists upon the great honor which he has done us in learning our language. He adds the majesty of a German to the simplicity of a Slav. I still have in my ears the 'Welcome, I hope you will enjoy yourself. Do not forget Bohemia. Why do you speak German?' which fell about my ears with the gravity of an insincere chorus.

The Czechs often compel themselves, in our presence, to a protestation of faith in Prague and in Republicanism. They curse Austria and cast anathema toward Rome. Then they follow the reply of the Frenchman to whom they are talking, after the fashion of a good student who would like to profit by an English lesson. What a false impression! When that husk of gravity has burst, I have known Czechs who were perfectly witty with a spirit which was satiric to the verge of malice, never very really gay or jolly, but very good comrades and serviceable to the last degree.

As intimacy increases, one discovers among them the Slavic charm — famous, much praised, and puzzling — of their Russian brothers. Emotionalism

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dominates these artist souls, emotionalism and sensuality, and yet their capacity for friendship is large. They possess the delicate secret of proving their friendship by testimony which pleases, and which comes at a happy time. Have they the sturdy will and the firmness that make strong friendship? As the soul of a people reflects that of individuals, will the Czech people be for France the ally which it promises to become?

The man of Prague likes us. He is tenacious in his friendships, but his fidelity is not always free from feeblenesses, and great are the difficulties of the young Republic. I remember a brilliant discourse in which M. Ribot congratulated the Belgians on having only a few political parties. Since the Czechs have not taken Belgium as their model, to what can one compare their state? Already a great number of parties divide the country. Social questions and religious quarrels — deadly, alas, to the Bohemia of John Huss — tear and divide the citizens. No doubt the Socialist processions of the first of May did not seem very ferocious at Prague: tranquil promenades of a flower-crowned throng, who carried threatening banners. But the tone of the newspapers is bitter, the political speeches violent, and in more than one simple soul, as the wounds of the war are not healed and the cost of living continues high, there grows up a regret for the golden time of his slavery.

One day a Czech friend of mine gave an old woman a theatre ticket that he could not use. They were playing *L'Aiglon* that evening. The next time he saw the recipient of his bounty, my friend asked what her impressions were of the celebrated French play.

'Oh, it was lovely! And there was one thing that gave me especial delight.'

'What was it?'

Then lowering her voice, with tears in her eyes, the old woman confessed: 'The Austrian National Hymn! I thought that I would never hear it again!' — for the reader will remember that in the second act of *L'Aiglon* one hears the Austrian Hymn above the cannonade.

Nothing but a stray remark of an old woman, some one may say; but all the same, there stuck in my memory certain frolicsome remarks which I had overheard. From the chaos of to-day, from the uncertainty of to-morrow, certain Czechs have drawn so painful an impression, one so agonizing, that it deprives them of courage. Slovakia is expanding, but to-morrow she will be threatening to secede. Her representatives, it is true, protest their fidelity to the Republic. They understand the difficulties and unfriendlinesses which are involved in the sudden fusion of two peoples who, although brothers in race, have been separated for eight centuries. Will the mountaineer of the Tatras and the bourgeois of Presbourg understand one another and have nothing to regret?

Yet the gravity of the Slovak question is not to be compared with that of the German problem. The Czechs say that the Germans of Bohemia are more furious than those of Berlin. One might believe it when, in the regions of the West, the most insignificant street-porter assumes an arrogant, haughty attitude, and ostentatiously replies in German to any question that may be put to him in Czech. An active Pan-Germanist propaganda is at work in these regions, and a daily Czech newspaper, the *Cas*, has recently revealed the intrigue of Herr Hugo Stinnes, who is trying to dominate the rural districts and industry. At Prague, the whole Jewish quarter talks German. Although they have been troubled of late by a kind of pogrom, they have

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plucked up courage this winter. A group of deputies in the Czech Parliament has been sent, led by the famous Lodgmann, protesting against the sanctions complaining about Germany and heaping insolence on our victory. In June, after the plebiscites in Austria, there was much talk of a similar step in the German regions of Bohemia.

The Czechs, who are undergoing their apprenticeship in democracy, have not yet attained to the republican spirit. Of their own free will, they seek refuge in a single man. Their President, Thomas Masaryk, seems to be the keystone of the arch of the new edifice, exactly as Emperor Francis-Joseph made certain the stability of the old, undermined scaffolding. Installed in the Royal Palace, treated like a sovereign, — they even stop work to celebrate his birthday, — President Masaryk is generally beloved. In Prague you see his portrait everywhere; behind the windows of the stores his short-sighted eyes smile out from the shelter of his glasses above the professorial white beard. A Slovak by birth, a Czech from having passed all his life at Prague, distinguished for his sociological study, attracting the attention of the learned men of Europe ever since 1895, devoted to his patriotic efforts with ex-president Wilson, he well deserves his popularity. He pacifies the feuds of the parties; he calms their quarrels; with his prestige he covers this or that unpopular minister. If he is not exactly a Washington, as some people suggest, at least he fills the place very acceptably. Close at his side, masculine in her mannerisms and temperament, with a proud carriage and a pair of spectacles planted on her imperial nose, Alice Masarykova, Ph.D., expends her activity in good works. She once achieved the title of Minister of Social Welfare.

Prague still holds dear M. Kramar, the former chief of the National Assembly. His quarrel with M. Bénès swept him from power, for the radical parties accused him of reaction. Calm and smiling behind his white moustache with a big neck and high shoulders, M. Kramar lets them talk. He is the king of the bourgeoisie. Married to a Russian lady of high birth, he pins his faith to the speedy resurrection of a sound and liberalist Russia. He is rich and he lives in his own house, which is a great privilege. He is just waiting. His is a great and noble character. While I am talking of a friend of France, how shall I forget the President's neighbor, the Abbé Monsignor Zavoral, who, in his monastery at Strahov or at his senatorial desk, expresses the most generous and wisest judgments and induces the Czech clergy to model themselves on ours, who have been able nobly to unite respect for religious laws with the holy duty of patriotism?

The old German methods are still in force at the University, but the Czechs do make appeal to the resources of French science. The dullness of German books is compared with the force and clearness of works by men of Latin race and especially those of the one Frenchman who forms the link between the Czechs and ourselves, and devotes his sincere spirit to the service of this cause, Ernest Denis. I ask pardon of the modesty of Professor Pekar for writing his name here. He has taken upon himself too much disinterested labor, both of patriotism and of faith to permit me to be silent. He is, I know, a true friend of our ways and our history.

These are the great, energetic, worldly figures that honor a country, and ought to give it confidence in spite of obstacles and troubles. They provide the best approach for the French colony. Before the war, what Frenchman, ex-

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cept Ernest Denis and Louis Leger, did anybody know at Prague? Since the Armistice the numbers of our compatriots have grown steadily in Bohemia, and France has become the teacher of this reviving land. The task was hard. Quite aside from the faults and the sensitiveness of the Czechs, German ideas have a tenacity, and it is no small task to uproot them. The list of the difficulties overcome by the military and university missions would be long. The results are far from complete and efforts are by no means slackening. It is even necessary to urge the French, as far as possible, to take an interest in this task The labors which our compatriots have begun over there, conferences, charities, even business affairs, have been for the Czechs a means of instruction and an example.

General good-will, native intelligence, sympathy for France — certainly there is all that at Prague; and in order to obtain the best results constantly, we must make an unremitting appeal to these qualities for the Czechoslovak Republic, in spite of its old civilization, is a young state. It ought to take up its education anew. It ought to feel keenly the importance of such a task. It is for Prague, more visited by foreigners than any other part of Czechoslovak territory, richer and more accessible in everybody's opinion, to give to the whole land its impulse, and to establish the proper standard. Firmness and restraint are more necessary in the liberty that has again been attained than efforts toward liberation.

THE DECLINE OF THE FASCISTI

BY LINA WATERFIELD

From *The Observer*, *September* 18
(Middle Ground Liberal)

The first thing I heard on my return to Florence was the story of how young Berta, guilty only of being a Fascista, was trapped by the Communists as he crossed the Arno, beaten senseless as he clung to the piers of the bridge, to fall back into the river without one friendly hand held out to save him at the last. It has passed into the popular literature of Florence: —

> Giovinezza, Giovinezza,
> Primavera di Bellezza,
> Il Fascismo la salvezza
> Della nostra Libertà.

This Fascista chorus, together with the song of Berta, sung even by the children in their perambulators, symbolizes in the minds of the people their deliverance from a nightmare which oppressed Italy from the summer of 1919 to the spring of 1921, when the Tri-color seemed banished forever, to make room for the red flag of the Communists.

A Florentine cobbler was sitting inside his shop giving vent in provocative song, as he hammered away, to his scorn of young Berta and of all that he stood for, when Count Foscari, a Venetian Legionary from Fiume, passed by with some Fascisti friends and ordered him to stop his song. That quarter of the town was soon in an uproar. The

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cobbler and his allies were severely knocked about; Foscari was mortally wounded. His funeral was made a national expression of mourning. Representatives of the Fascisti came with their banners from every part of Italy. The steel helmet of D'Annunzio's Legionary gleamed among the flowers on the hearse; a wounded companion followed close; ex-soldiers, workmen, communal dignitaries, and eminent professors followed, with many hundreds of university students and other youths, their long hair brushed loosely back and waved in the new fashion among 'young bloods'; there were those splendid-looking dare-devils too, from Montevarchi, wearing red shirts 'alla Garibaldi' and red caps with long blue tassels. Fascisti leaders, holding heavy hunting-crops with jaunty aggressiveness, walked at intervals on the outside of the procession; soldiers guarded the city. Would the Communists shoot at the pall-bearers as they had done before? Had they not even thrown bombs at a patriotic procession in which children had taken part? But that had happened early in the year, and now this silent army of young Fascisti walking through silent streets, past Communist strongholds, proved that the enemy was cowed.

'We have saved Italy,' the Fascisti declare with pride. And one wonders how far a fresh appeal to violence has really helped to solve the social problem.

As the party which brought Italy into the war belonged to the bourgeois class, and Fascismo is the legitimate offspring, a very vociferous one, of 'interventismo,' the new movement is often described as the rising of the middle classes against the proletariat. This gives a false idea of what, in the beginning, was a patriotic rush to defend both the Italian flag and the liberty of the Italian people during a severe crisis of their history. Although composed of the best elements of all classes and political creeds (the Catholic party holding aloof), Fascismo has its roots in Nationalism. It was the exuberant expression of that new national consciousness which Caporetto gave to Italians, and which developed with such notable rapidity after Vittorio Veneto.

Directly after the armistice the 'Fascidei Giovani Combattenti' were formed, and a vigorous propaganda was engineered by a violent military party, aided by a portion of the press and D'Annunzio, against the Allies. Everything was done to poison public opinion and to picture Italy as the Cinderella of Europe, at the mercy of sly, grasping ministers at Versailles. The Fiume episode was used to force the hands of the latter, and the failure to deal with the situation added fuel to the fire and endangered peace. Because it was made a question of 'Itàlianita,' Fiume became a rallying platform, which united nearly all parties, and brought the country to the brink of fresh disasters. The exchange flew up to an alarming extent. The neutralists now enjoyed themselves. They could say: 'I told you so,' and ask where was the paradise promised by the 'Interventisti,' which Italians deserved after losing half a million dead. The victories of the Piave, which had given Italy back her self-respect and self-confidence, were on one side overrated, and on the other undervalued. Communism became triumphant.

The fires of advanced Socialism set alight before the war now burst into a blaze, which even reached the Tuscan and Umbrian peasant, who, quietly prosperous with his ancient system of coöperative land-tenure, had always been regarded as safe from revolution. The pictures painted by agitators of the Soviet rule made many feel that Russia had solved the economic problem. Hymns to the Madonna and to

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Lenin, as dispensers of all good things, intermingled strangely in the countryside. They waited for those promised shiploads of corn to arrive. How the Communists followed in the footsteps of the Bolshevists, trampling on the national flag, seizing land, occupying factories, looting, shooting at trains, and throwing bombs at innocent people, is still fresh in our minds. Then, just as Communism thought to hold Italy in a vice, it bumped up against Fascismo.

Mussolini, ex-Socialist, founder of the *Popolo d'Italia*, and an ardent pro-war champion, is the acknowledged father and leader of Fascismo, which, he tells us, started in a small way in Milan, on March 23, 1919, and very soon numbered over two million adherents. As an organization this can be celebrated as its birthday, but the spirit rose out of the events which followed the armistice, and Fascismo is a spirit, not a party, we are always told. Within five weeks of the armistice, Italy had a volunteer army of over a million young men, prepared to do anything for the glory of Italy and the Tri-color, known as 'I Giovani Combattenti.'

The first task they set themselves was to rouse Italian pride in their victory — *la valoriz-zazione della vittoria.* The second labor was to clean out the Augean stables of Communism. The Fascisti chose for their badge the emblem of the Emperors of Rome, and the hatchet was a symbol of prompt action. Their policy was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. For every crime against the flag or liberty, a Communist leader was killed, or else the Camera del Lavoro, or their newspaper offices in an offending town, were set on fire. Not a night passed but shots rang out in most towns and villages in Italy. Syndics judged to be disloyal citizens were peremptorily ordered to resign. Elections on the side of the Government 'Blocco' were controlled to a considerable extent, and sharp warfare was waged against profiteers. There were happy spells, all too brief, when prices went down under the iron hand of Fascisti.

The 'punitive expedition,' led by ex-soldiers, became a feature of their methods of campaign. Racing through the country in motor-lorries to hunt out Communist centres proved an alluring sport for the younger generation, who, without having experienced the hardships of war, suffered from its exciting influences. Many disreputable characters had joined up, and violence was made an end in itself. Citizens watched from their walls, children ran home screaming, and women bolted their doors when the cry went round, 'The Fascisti are coming.' It was galling for a venerable syndic to be harangued by these youths, some barely seventeen, armed with revolvers and *mazze ferrate*, and told that they had come to set things in order for him. In June and July of this year, when the Fascisti were at the height of their power and the lowest ebb of their fame, it was immaterial whether one read the daily papers, so as to keep in touch with events, or the mediæval chronicles of Guelphs and Ghibellines.

The punitive expedition of Monzone, in the Carrara mountains, of which the tragic events of Sarzana were the inevitable consequences, proved how low the movement had fallen. Quiet had reigned for some time in the district, and the Fascisti found only a picnic party, one man wearing a red carnation, which hardly justified a military raid, promiscuous shooting, and the robbing of the till of the coöperative stores. Later, the captain — a Legionary from Fiume — was taken prisoner with another ex-officer, by Communists, and three hundred Fascisti marched on Sarzana to deliver them. Before they could enter

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the city gates, they were dispersed by Carabineers, on whom they had fired. Many wandered about the countryside and were found by their enemies, who fell upon them like wild beasts. Old scores were settled between profiteers of the Sarzana and Spezia markets and the Fascisti. Among the tortured victims was a boy of sixteen.

When Fascismo, as a whole, refused to obey the terms of peace with the extreme Socialist party, it showed its feet of clay, and Mussolini resigned his leadership. Deploring the events of June and July, he disowned it, for, as he said, 'It was no longer a liberation, but a tyranny; no longer a safeguard for the nation, but a defense of private interests of the worst kind.' As there are signs of drastic reforms taking place, a rekindled Fascismo promises to arise. It is more than likely that it will be formed into a political party with a definite programme, and their new task will be to tilt against the P.P.I., or Catholic Party, which looms alarmingly big in the horizon.

Italians, in reviewing past events, bitterly regret the seeds of class-hatred sown, and the return to mediævalism and violence, but they do not put all the blame on the Fascisti. What about the Government's consistent policy of neutrality through every crisis of social unrest? And was it quite fair to use the Fascisti as Government scavengers?

BOTHWELL'S DANISH TOMB

BY AXEL BREIDAL

[*On the occasion of the revival of Björnstjerne Björnson's* Maria Stuart *at the Royal Danish Theatre in Copenhagen, Mr. Axel Breidal, a well-known Danish journalist, visited the church at Faarevejle, where Bothwell's body lies.*]

From *Politiken*
(Danish Political and Literary Journal)

James, Earl Bothwell,—or, as he wrote it himself, in Scotch, James Erle Boithuille, was born in 1536 or 1537. His father had the reputation of being the proudest, haughtiest man in all Scotland. His mother was a Sinclair, related to that Colonel Sinclair who won renown at the battle of Gudbrandsdalen. On the death of his father, James Bothwell, at the age of only nineteen years, became master of Bothwell Castle and assumed the hereditary offices of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, Sheriff in the Shires of Berwick, Hadington, and Edinburgh, as well as Bailiff in Landerdale. Hales Castle and Crichton Castle were his fortified possessions, so that he became, next to the Chief of the Hamiltons, the most powerful noble in the entire south of Scotland.

And this dried-up mummy before us was once the mighty warrior and great lover whom the Queen of the Scots chose for close companion. It taxes the imagination to the full to comprehend that the thing we behold here once lived a life as exciting and adventurous as any of his contemporaries. When he

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was only twenty, he became a member of the Parliament of Scotland. Amid the stirring events of his day he was thrown into the midst of the struggle between the Catholics and the Protestants. It is Björnson who puts in the mouth of Bothwell the opinion that, though he is not quite clear as to the differences between the two faiths, he is quite sure that there are rascals on both sides. Brought up in the Protestant faith, in this struggle he stood with the Regent against the Protestants.

At twenty-five Bothwell was imprisoned in the citadel of Edinburgh, upon the false accusation of the insane Earl of Arran; but he tore out one of the bars of his prison window, lowered himself down the rock with the aid of a rope, and fled. After leading a roving existence in France and England, he was recalled by a decree of amnesty issued by Mary Stuart, and soon he, together with the Earl of Lennox, was placed in command of the army.

There has been much discussion as to Bothwell's real character. History records, however, that in the time between his escape from prison and his return to prison he found time to become betrothed to a Scotch woman, Janet Betoun, and to marry a Scandinavian lady of high rank, Anna Thorssen, whom he had met while he was in Denmark, and whom he subsequently deserted in the Netherlands. On his return to Scotland he married the young Lady Jane Gordon.

Unattractive in appearance, raw and uncouth though he was, it is none the less recorded that Bothwell was fascination incarnate for many a woman. The explanation is, perhaps, that because of these very defects he made an impression. There seems little doubt that it was these very characteristics, and among them his brutal frankness, that at last won Mary Stuart after the murder of her weak and vacillating husband, Henry Darnley.

The Norwegian dramatist, Björnson, did not regard Darnley as the contemptible character whom history depicts. Quite the contrary, he endows him with many redeeming qualities and makes of him a man to be pitied rather than despised. As the playwright places him before our eyes, in his *Maria Stuart*, Darnley wins our sympathy, in spite of that lamentable weakness which makes him an easy prey to Mary's perfidy and cruelty. Into the historic Darnley of the Renaissance, Björnson infused the Christian spirit of love and forgiveness nowhere else more beautifully expressed.

As for Bothwell, Björnsen makes of him a Viking, both by nature and by profession, a true descendant of the Norsemen who settled on the coast of Scotland. He is possessed of great physical strength, and — in contrast with the weaklings of a degenerate court who from her childhood have surrounded her — Mary finds these qualities so appealing that she finally welcomes him as her champion and deliverer. By selecting this outlawed bandit as her consort, she displays that primitive hero-worship so characteristic of the ancient Norse times, when the prize of love was bestowed on heroic acts.

Many historians have ventured the assertion that the relations of Mary with Bothwell had been intimate even before the murder of Darnley, although there is no conclusive proof that such was the case. That Bothwell, however, was one of the main actors in the drama ending in Darnley's murder, there can be little doubt. Yet it must not be forgotten that the attitude of those days toward political murder was wholly different from our own.

Bothwell's share in the murder naturally proved a powerful weapon in the hands of his enemies, and the anger of the people, when Mary — carried

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off to Dunbar Castle by her lover, whether with or without her consent — married the slayer of her former husband, was natural enough. Bothwell, who had been made Duke of the Orkney Islands, was compelled to flee to these possessions; but even here he did not feel safe. A ship on which he had taken refuge was carried by storms toward the coast of Norway, whence he was brought as prisoner to Denmark. Frederik II sent him to Malmohus, where he was imprisoned, and subsequently he was removed to Dragsholm.

Bothwell was then scarcely thirty-one years old. For eleven years he lay in prison, suffering greatly toward the end, before death brought him deliverance. He had not found the protection he had anticipated at the hands of the Danish King. Frederik II, it is true, did not meet the desires of Bothwell's enemies, who sought his head, neither did he show any great favor to the imprisoned earl. It may be worth remembering that Frederik was once a suitor for Mary's favor, meeting with refusal.

Measured by the standards of our day, Bothwell is far from being a sympathetic figure. But if Schiller makes Mary Stuart exclaim that she is better than her reputation, the same words may be applied to James Bothwell. Historians have shown little leniency or impartiality to either.

Georg Brandes remarks fittingly: 'Very often historians make their tasks too easy. They present mankind externally without the responsive feeling that must come from within.' To illustrate his meaning, he tells this: —

I was sitting one evening in a German university, next a German professor of history, who informed me that he was engaged on a study of Bothwell, the wild Scotch earl, lover of Mary Stuart, Darnley's murderer. Looking at him in some surprise, I exclaimed, rather abruptly, 'It must be very difficult for you' (I meant for him, as a German) 'to understand how Bothwell felt, and what his underlying motives were.'

'That is not necessary,' he replied. 'I have all the records before me.' That is just it. He had the records and considered them enough. But what about the real atmosphere, what about the breath of life? After more than two-score years, the professor's reply sticks in my memory, so deep was the impression that it made on me.

It is even more difficult for the present generation to judge the real character of historic persons when dramatized and variously reproduced by different actors. Impulsive as he was, Johann Wiehe may have caught the genuine spirit of Bothwell when, at the first performance of Björnson's *Maria Stuart* at the Royal Danish Theatre, in 1867, he presented him as 'a giant figure, possessing the violence and power of primitive man, rushing from the mountain heights through the halls of the Queen's castle and through her fate as well — a man of iron, as the playwright, too, must have conceived him, whom the woman admired and to whom she gave herself up.'

A fighter during his embattled life, Bothwell in death has been the cause of fierce discussion. Even with regard to his earthly remains there is some doubt and difference of opinion. Some will have it that these shrunken remnants visible in the death chamber of Faarevejle Church may not be his. The English Captain Marryat, however, wrote after visiting the Church and seeing the corpse: 'I declare positively that no impartial Englishman can look upon this body without emphatically stating that it must be the corpse of an ugly Scotchman.' What is here before us must, after all, be nothing else than the body of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. A piece of world-history lies hidden beneath the floor of this old church, and we wonder at the fate that brought him here amid surroundings so peaceful and so distant from his native Scotland.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

FOR HER

BY DOUGLAS AINSLIE

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

DEATH passes, and Destiny
Sings: quick forget.
Your black robe is charming,
For six months' regret.

Come not to offer me
Tearful roses;
Keep all for the living,
The dead need no posies.

No pity! I shall sleep
Well without singing;
My body will nourish
The green grass upspringing.

But if on some evening
Of autumn you fancy
A touch of the sadness
That used to entrance me;

Why then, for a moment,
Madonna, forget
That you have forgotten,
And dream you regret.

THE DREAMER

E. S. MEAD

[*The Venturer*]

I FOUND a temple of vision,
I built a Tower of Dreams;
And there, with magic and music,
I wove sweet themes.

Below, in the surging city,
The clamour grew loud and swift;
I saw like white on the ocean
Sad faces drift.

And then to my lofty window
A voice came wistfully nigh:
Like the voice of God, yet seeming
A human cry.

It lured me forth in the city,
Out in the conflict and din,
To find the One who was calling,
In streets of sin.

He said, "Have you left your Temple?
Are your dreams no longer dear?"
I looked in His eyes and answered.
"They brought me here."

THOUGH HE WERE DEAD

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE

[*The New Witness*]

IN the great golden meadows of the sun,
By limpid pools, the milk-white cattle feed
Among sweet grasses, lushy, plenteous;
Fat sleeky herds, with smooth soft bellies filled,
And mouths o'er-slavering from the juicy stalk
Their ivory teeth have crushed. And ere the dark,
While still they press their lips along the brim
Of the cool wells, sucking deep thirstful draughts,
Comes presently a little radiant lad
Peeling a supple new-plucked willow wand,
And shouts a loud hallo. (Oh! down the leagues
That shining lies between us, I have heard
Him on a quiet evening, and 't is true.)
Lowing, they raise their heads and follow him,
Mild-eyed, beyond the crimson rim of day
Into their silver herd-house by the moon.
(I saw folk lay a little farming lad
Six chilly feet below the lily blooms
One summertime, and say that he was dead!)

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AT THE GRAVE OF AUSTIN DOBSON

THE death of Austin Dobson, deftest workman of the muse, called forth universal expressions of regret among his fellow craftsmen in England. The English Horace seldom aspired to the heights and depths of literature. He was a maker of graceful and beautiful trifles, which somehow were never trifling. An exquisite fashioner of the incredibly difficult and conventional ballade, triolet, and rondeau, he contrived to endow these highly artificial forms of poetry with sincerity and life. Perhaps his most famous poem was the rondeau, 'In after Days.'

IN AFTER DAYS

In after days, when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky,
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh,
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
That someone then should testify,
Saying — *He held his pen in trust*
To Art, not serving shame or lust.
Will none? . . . Then let my memory die
In after days!

A writer in the London *Morning Post*, who masks his identity with the initials W. H. B., has had the happy thought of writing in the dead poet's favorite form a reply to the question and the wistful hope implied in the closing lines: —

TO AUSTIN DOBSON

(*Modeled on the poet's 'In After Days.'*)

You wrote, I think, in days gone by
About the stone 'neath which you'll lie,
Saying you'd let the world adjust
What claim you had to honored dust,
Knowing you could make no reply.

'*You* would not see the morning sky,
Nor hear again the night-wind sigh,
You would be mute as all men must,'
You wrote, I think?

And I, still living, fain would I
That someone still shall testify,
Saying — 'He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
An epitaph which by the by
You wrote, I think.

It is only another tribute to the unequaled craftsmanship of Austin Dobson that the anonymous fellow-poet who sought, with reverence speaking in every line, to honor his memory, should have fallen short of the master's own accomplishment. Both rondeaux are equally correct, but only Austin Dobson could make these conventional forms something more than correct.

✠

THREE EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS

IF there are moments when discontented moderns feel that life is shorn of its glamour, let them take comfort in the thought that corners of the world do exist where high adventure is still possible. At present, three exploring expeditions of real importance are in the field. On the wind-swept slopes of the Himalayas, near Kharta, at the base of the unsubdued mountain which they have marked down for conquest, the Mount Everest expedition has been in camp for months, reconnoitring the difficult ground before attempting an ascent. News from these hardy explorers must be carried back by runners for a hundred miles or more, before it can reach either telegraph or mail; and the English and Continental newspapers are usually at least a month behind in the news of the expedition which they print.

The explorers are living in four little

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tents in the stony uplands of the Himalayas, with the eternal challenge of the highest mountain in the world in the sky above them. They have been exploring the approaches to the mountain in the hope of finding a practical way up. The last dispatches leave it doubtful whether they will be able to force their way to the summit of the mountain, so sheer and steep are its precipitous sides. But the explorers are equipped with topographic apparatus, and will at least bring back some badly needed corrections of the maps of this region, which are notoriously inaccurate.

The Antarctic explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, has set sail in his little ship, the Quest, on a voyage of wandering adventure. He will not face the perils that he braved in his earlier Antarctic expeditions, but the results to science may be equally important. The expedition hopes to visit various little-known islands in the Southern hemisphere, and to coast about Antarctic lands, some of which have not been visited for ninety years.

Sir Ernest's ship does not contain a single sailor. The expedition is made up of scientific men and explorers of long experience, and includes several master-mariners who feel themselves competent to sail their vessel for themselves. The Quest is equipped as no exploring vessel ever was before. Her bridge is covered with triplex glass, with two clear vision-screens, to which a special heating apparatus is attached in order that the outlook may never be obscured. Two sets of wireless apparatus, one with a range of 150 miles and the other much more powerful, will keep the expedition in constant touch with civilization throughout its voyage. A wireless telephone will allow parties landed from the vessel to remain always under the control of their commander. Neatly stowed away in the smallest possible place, the Quest carries a little seaplane with which an aviator will make hasty reconnaissance where necessary.

The base of the expedition will be at Cape Town. Stores will be deposited there, and will be picked up by the Quest on her way back from the ice-fields. On the way to New Zealand, on the latter part of the voyage, which will reach a total of 30,000 miles, soundings will be made to discover the limits of the continental shelf. Equipped as it is, and commanded by an explorer of world-wide fame, the voyage of the Quest will probably go down in the history of exploration as one of high significance.

The Oxford University expedition to Spitzbergen has been able to improve the surveys of practically unmapped portions of the coast there, and to carry out observations on the habits of Arctic birds which will be of permanent importance to science. A grim reminder of the perils of exploration in other days — perils which, their own experience has taught them, are not quite past to-day — was encountered by the explorers at Magdalena Bay near Smeerenburg (Blubber Town), the long-vanished Dutch whaling settlement of the seventeenth century. Thousands of men have died at this place, which has continued to be a wintering-point for the Norwegian trappers. The soil is too solidly frozen for graves to be dug very deep. Coffins are sometimes left on the ground, where foxes and bears disturb them. So ghastly was this Arctic waste that, at one time, the Dutch government sent a gunboat to give the dead decent reburial; but members of the Spitzbergen expedition came upon a score of exposed coffins at Magdalena Bay, not one with a coffin lid remaining. Only one inscription bore a date, and that was 1779.

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THE DEATH DANCE: AN ANCIENT GERMAN CUSTOM REVIVED

A VISITOR to the recent exhibition at Lübeck describes in the London *Times* a revival of the ancient custom of performing the 'Death Dance' in the village church — in this case the Church of St. Ægidius in the city of Lübeck. The writer, himself a witness of the vividly dramatic spectacle, which is closely akin to the miracle plays, writes: —

> On entering the church in the dim twilight he noted mysterious lights flashing from the gallery while soft music was played. The curtains which had hidden the gallery were then drawn aside and the old building, rich in carvings dating from the Renaissance, was lit up by a cold, blue light. The music ceased, and then a tall undefined ghostly figure, playing a flute, was seen. Up the darkened nave a procession now appeared, the players clad in mediæval dresses. Heading the procession were the emperor and empress, the cardinal, the aristocrat, the doctor, the usurer, the nun, the peasant, and the mother with her child. The procession mounted to the gallery and then disappeared in the dark.
>
> The death-flute ceased its weird music, and Death ordered the emperor and then the remainder of the procession before the tribune and condemned them all irrespective of position. Death then danced with them, the dancers showing their terror or relief by realistic movements. The shrill accompaniment of a violin alone broke the silence. Finally Death convulsively gripped the child, the music became more weird, till at last the organ broke into a crash of chords, the players disappeared, and the church was once more flooded with light.

*

'PASTICHE AND PREJUDICE'

MR. A. B. WALKLEY, the famous English critic, who appeared on the English stage as Trotter, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's amusing *Fanny's First Play*, has again ventured to indulge in what Mr. Shaw's ingenuous Fanny describes as 'Trottering.' The result is his new book, *Pastiche and Prejudice*, which has had a happy reception among the British critics.

Perhaps the most interesting review is one written by Mr. Max Beerbohm for the *Times*. Mr. Beerbohm remarks that, during the past few years, he has been 'aware of a feeling throughout the English-speaking world that it was high time for Mr. Walkley to settle down'; and he observes that this feeling will probably be intensified by his latest book which 'is the work of a man impenitently young.' Mr. Beerbohm explains that, in his own youth, Mr. Walkley, who is of course much older, gave him a feeling

> that he and I were boys together . . . and whenever my elders blamed me for picking up my heels, I directed their attention to the heels of Walkley. But in due course, when I had begun to feel around my ankles the sobering clutch of the fingers of the years, I rejoiced at the news that he was henceforth to write unsigned dramatic criticisms for an old-established and very august newspaper. I thought this would sober even *him*. But no! Through the veil of the first-person-plural, he was as evidently himself as ever — he and his heels.

The essays in *Pastiche and Prejudice* are all on literary themes and, as might be expected from the interests of Mr. Walkley's life, they are mainly on themes from the drama.

Mr. Beerbohm's review contains a pugnacious note:

> 'What is to be done with him? [he asks]. I ask this with special venom because I too am a writer. Writing is an arduous business. If you do a little of it, by fits and starts, as the fancy takes you, then you can contrive to seem hardly older than you are. But the constant practitioner — how quickly he ages! Such a practitioner is Mr. Walkley; yet time and custom try vainly to wither and stale him and to keep us thereby in countenance. He is monstrous.

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The essays which so affect Mr. Beerbohm are reprints not of Mr. Walkley's dramatic criticisms in the London *Times*, but of his occasional articles. They deal very largely with the English stage, the main interest of his life. In Mr. Walkley's series of pastiches, Sir Roger de Coverley visits the Russian Ballet, Uncle Toby talks about the National Theatre, and Lady Catherine de Bourgh takes a box at Drury Lane. Mr. Walkley also discourses on 'Disraeli and the Play,' 'Theatrical Amorism,' 'Grock,' 'T. W. Robertson,' and other similar subjects. Mr. Walkley skips lightly from one subject to another, always graceful, always diverting, never anything but authoritative. As a critic in *The Outlook* says: 'He does not — oh, mind of admirable balance! — allow himself to be deceived even by his own profession.

✽

HOW TENNYSON READ POETRY

Mr. W. F. Rawnsley, who claims to have been 'intimate with Tennyson over a longer period of years than any one now living,' asserts in a short article in the *Poetry Review* that Tennyson's poetry was to be fully appreciated only when the poet read it aloud. This he says, was particularly true of the poems in the North of England dialect, which most lovers of the Victorian bard are inclined to leave unread. This was true because of Tennyson's grand voice and his intense sympathy, his humor, and his delicate appreciation of rhythm and melody. This is Mr. Rawnsley's description of one particular reading: —

I heard him read the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington' when it first came out, and have never forgotten the hushed awe which fell upon us all as he read. Then, till he read 'Maud' to us, we did not know the significance of the various metres and the beauty of its rhythm, nor the pathos of 'Elaine' or 'Guinevere,' till we saw the tears on his face as he read, or the full delight of the Lincolnshire dialect poems till we heard and saw the humor of it all as expressed in his voice and look. Many have been struck by the grandeur of his rolling tones in the alcaics on Milton and the lines to Virgil, or that fine poem 'Lucretius,' and by those musical lines on the birds in 'The Gardener's Daughter,' and in the *Princess* idyll, 'Come down, O Maid'; while the tenderness of the songs and the full-voiced rendering of 'The Splendour Falls' are all, once heard, never to be forgotten. And was there ever a pleasure like to that of being taken up to the poet's workroom and, under strictest vows of secrecy, hearing him read an as yet unpublished poem, and often poem after poem?

His rendering of Homer, Sappho, Virgil, Catullus, and of Milton, Shakespeare, Burns, and Keats always seemed better than that of another. But he was best when reading his own, and to those — only, alas! 'a little clan' — who know that particular dialect of Lincolnshire, he was quite inimitable in the 'Northern Farmer,' 'The Entail,' 'The Cobblers,' 'The Spinster's Sweethearts' and 'Owd Roä.'

✽

BOOKS MENTIONED

Brandenburger, Prof. Clemens. *Mythen, Sagen und Märchen brasilischer Indianer*. Rotermund & Co., Publisher, Sao Leopoldo, Brazil.

von Reuter, Admiral. *Das Grabd der deutschen Flotte*.

Walkley, A. B. *Pastiche and Prejudice*. Heinemann, 7*s*. 6 *d*. net.

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40 35

A Magnificent Farce

And Other Diversions of a Book-Collector

By A. EDWARD NEWTON

Author of "The Amenities of Book-Collecting"

"'T is not in mortals to command success." Indeed it is not, nor has "deserving" anything whatever to do with it. We who, by dint of saving here and scraping there, manage at the end of twenty years or so to have a respectable collection of books, know that the battle is not always to the brave, but generally to the side of the heaviest artillery; for this is no puny game we collectors are playing, and we are playing it against giants. I am not alluding to those men who, with the instincts and fortunes of the Medici, get their names in the paper every day; I refer to the collector who quietly, almost stealthily, goes on, day after day and year after year, buying in some well-defined line, until at last he—and sometimes she—may be said to have everything; but this is only in the way of speaking, for no collection is ever complete; one may drop dead in the race with the goal not yet in sight; that's where the excitement lies.—*From Chapter VI.*

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THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

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THE PHENOMINAL GOOD FORTUNE OF LLOYD GEORGE	*'The Man in the Street'*
WILLIAM JAMES AND HIS IMPETUOUS PHILOSOPHY	*Jacques Maritain*
THE WORLD'S CURRENCY PROBLEM — A SUGGESTED SOLUTION	
IF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT APPEARED TO-DAY	*J. H. McNulty*
HUNGARY AND PAN-SLAVISM	*Dr. Gustav Gratz*
THE CURE FOR SOCIAL DISCONTENT	*H. W. Household*
BRITISH POLICY IN THE NEAR EAST	*Jacques Bardoux*
FORFEITING SIBERIAN GOOD WILL	*Orrin Keith*
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